THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 14, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY J. L. S. WILLIAMS

Beginning A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

PROPERTY OF S.E.P. SOCIETY

Keeps the Grocers Busy.

Millions of People
Daily eat of the
good things baked
from GOLD MEDAL
Flour.

Washburn-Crosby Co.

COPYRIGHT 1908 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN. U. S. A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 — PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 14, 1905 — Number 29

A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

Author of In the Bishop's Carriage, The Madigans, Etc.

THE BIG OLD CHIPCHASE HOUSE LOOKED INSOLENT, FORBIDDING

The Pollexfen Story

AS I STEPPED from the train I came face to face with Ted Thompson, of the Times-Record.

He took off his hat with a rather sardonic smile. Everybody knows that Thompson doesn't consider a newspaper woman a foeman worthy of his steel—he's said so often enough. So I bowed stiffly, and resentingly, and, in my heart, fearfully. But this last, of course, he couldn't see, and I'd have died before letting him know it. Oh, to beat Thompson on a story!

"The Pollexfen story, of course, Miss Massey?" he asked, turning with me to walk up the main street leading to the hotel.

"Why, we must have come on the same train," I said, not daring to answer him.

"Yes, I was in the smoker. Both the News and the T-R seem to have caught the contagion at the same time. The Press and the Tribune will get it by to-morrow, and all the boys'll be up here. But it's no use."

I looked up at him inquiringly.

"Not a bit," he continued. "This is my third trip after a Pollexfen story; it'll be my third failure."

"But there is a story?"

"Oh, of course there's a story! You won't be in town half an hour before you hear that Pollexfen poisoned his brother-in-law; that he has Mrs. Chipchase hypnotized so that she signs anything he puts before her; that the girls, Mrs. Chipchase's step-daughters, fear and hate him; that the Chipchase fortune is melting away in his hands; that he has a private hoard, and that Miss Stempel, the housekeeper"—he paused and looked at me a moment; I wish I hadn't such a silly, baby face!—"that Miss Stempel and he are dividing the property between them.

"But when it comes to getting anybody to talk and to stand behind a single rumor you're up against it. You've got to take your choice between being responsible for a libel suit or going back to the office empty-handed. Which will you choose, Miss Massey—it's your first big out-of-town assignment, isn't it?"

I nodded.

He waited.

"I don't know," I said slowly. "I won't do either—if I can help it."

He smiled again and lifted his hat.

"If I can be of any use . . . "

But I thanked him stiffly and went into the hotel alone, hating him—hating him for being so shrewd, for having such a reputation that it terrified one to be pitted against him; hating him for laughing at me, for patronizing me, for being so easy and care-free about his story while, heart and soul, I was bound up in mine.

It was ten o'clock when I walked up the hedge-lined path toward the Chipchase place. I strolled up casually, as a visitor might; that was because I was scared to death and wanted to appear at ease. The day may come when Rhoda Massey will condescend genteelly to her work, like Mrs. Mills and some other newspaper women I know; but you must remember this was my first big out-of-town detail.

The big old Chipchase house faces the road rather haughtily. To me, a lone, small reporter trembling in my boots, it looked insolent, forbidding, in spite of all the repairing it needed.

So, because I was terrified and wanted to cut and run, I jangled the old-fashioned bell as loud as I could, and then stood listening to my heart beat, and mechanically repeating to myself what McCabe, the news editor, had said when he handed me my pass:

"Whatever you hear, Miss Massey, and whatever you see, bear this one thing in mind—I know this story's true. I know it, but I don't dare to print it without knowing more. They'll deny it, of course. The Chipchases are the swells of their county, even if they have been going downhill ever since old Chipchase died and Pollexfen got the upper hand. It's Pollexfen you'll have to fight. He's Mrs. Chipchase's brother—she was the only decent one of the shiftless lot, and so long as her husband lived he kept her gang of disreputable relatives at arm's length. But at his death Wells Pollexfen stepped in; and nothing will budge him—except Rhoda Massey if she gets this story.

"Mind, it's no cinch you're up against. During the past three years there isn't an ambitious reporter in town who hasn't heard of a Pollexfen story and tried to land it. Every deviltry on earth that man's been accused of by the country people up there, but the charges melt away before your eyes, and every time they're downed Pollexfen brings his sister and her step-daughters to town, exhibits them at a theatre or the opera to clinch the proof of his innocence and their good will, and then back they all go to live in seclusion at the old place, the 'House of Mystery'—Thompson first called it that. Mary Chipchase's elopement the other day is absolutely the one Pollexfen story that stuck; and that Pollexfen gave it out himself is a sufficient reason for anybody who knows the man to dishe——"

"What is it, Miss—if you please?"

I jumped, so sudden was the interruption, so softly had the door opened behind me.

"Mr. Pollexfen?" I asked.

I knew it was. That square, tanned yet colorless face, with its coarse, thick white hair beneath a skull cap, its thick-lipped, large, clean-shaven mouth and domineering eyes, was the same that I had seen Aiken, in our art-room, drawing from a portrait yesterday.

"My name is Pollexfen," he said.

"What a fine view one gets of the valley from here," I commented lightly, turning as though to admire it.

"Very," he dryly responded.

"It's well worth climbing up from town for," I continued gayly.

But I wasn't feeling very gay, I can tell you. I only wanted to gain time, even a moment, that something, anything in the world, might have room to happen.

And sure enough it did. A tall, white-faced woman with large, timid eyes and long, clasped hands came out into the hall behind him.

I smiled at her over his shoulder, and a faint, wistful greeting came into her face.

"I'm Miss Massey, of the News, Mr. Pollexfen—and Mrs. Chipchase?" I added, trying to include her. "And I've come up here on the most absurd story. I hope you'll both pardon me." I was trying to live up to my environment now and playing lady. "But what is one to do when one's news editor insists upon sending one on a wild-goose chase?"

"THE POLLEXFEN STORY, OF COURSE, MISS MASSEY?" HE ASKED

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Miss Michelson, each independent, but all dealing with the adventures of Miss Massey, a yellow journalist. The second will be published in an early number.

For a moment I thought he was going to shut the door in my face, but the agitation of the lady behind him and a half movement she made toward me—it must have been that—made him change his mind.

"Come in," he said, leading the way to an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged room on the right. "Kindly—will you excuse Mrs. Chipchase?" he added with a significant look toward her. "She is not very well. This elopement of Miss Chipchase—Mary is her mother's favorite and——"

"A denial from Mrs. Chipchase would be particularly effective," I hazarded. Oh, I longed to get at that woman; I could see my story just trembling on her lips!

But a hysterical cry came just then from Mrs. Chipchase; she put her hands to her throat, tried vainly for composure, then hurried from the room.

"You see?" Mr. Pollexfen was looking at me closely; evidently he wanted to know how much I really could see.

"Poor lady! Perhaps when she feels better——"

"Yes. A little later. Perhaps you can stay to lunch, Miss Massey, and afterward——"

"Why, thank you!" What a gracious villain this was!

"And now for the story. What is the latest report for which I am indebted to a charming girl's presence?"

Ugh! I wasn't a charming girl. I wasn't a girl just then; I was only a reporter, a creature with eyes and ears and possessed by curiosity—and to be set back into my skirts that way made me tingle with distaste.

"It isn't so easy," I said slowly, trying to take his cue, "to tell a gentleman to his face that—that——"

"That he is a scoundrel—or that rumor says he is? No, it is not a nice task for a pretty little woman like you. But I'm used to it, in a way. Whenever the beggars of the local press are out at elbows and down at the heel, or in need of a dollar to keep drunk on"—his face wasn't a pleasant face just then—"they turn their filthy imaginations loose on me and what they like to call the 'House of Mystery.' It is for this reason that I never see a reporter from the village; but when a beautiful lady journalist comes all the way——"

"Mr. Pollexfen, how in the world do you suppose 'beautiful lady journalists' get any work done if their heads are to be turned by compliments?" I cried.

"The wonder is that newspaper men can get any work done for looking at them. But you, Miss Massey, you can't have much serious work to do. A girl with a dimple and——"

"I have serious work on hand just now, Mr. Pollexfen. I have to ask you and Mrs. Chipchase some disagreeable questions: Was there a violent scene between you and Miss Chipchase Saturday last, the day of the elopement? Did you strike her—Miss Chipchase—with your cane?"—I looked at it now: a thick, knobbed stick with a broad, strong handle upon which his hands were clasped. "And did she fall, crying, 'Never—never, not even for her sake! You could kill me first, but this time I'll expose you, if I die for it'?"

I was watching him now. His hands upon which his broad chin rested may have gripped the handle of his cane tighter, but his heavy, sallow face did not move a muscle. There wasn't the smallest change of expression about the strong, black eyes or large-lipped mouth. And when he spoke his voice was unruffled either by indignation or apprehension.

"No."

The monosyllable was curt but complete.

"No," he said again, "to all of your questions."

"This Howard Davis with whom Miss Chipchase ran away—I haven't been able to find the smallest clew to his identity down in the town. Who was he? How long was he here? Where did Miss Chipchase meet him? No one knows. They drove down to the station below instead of taking the nearest one, I understand, in your own team, yet neither the conductor nor the station-agent remembers seeing them, and the train boy insists he heard——"

"My dear young woman"—Pollexfen had risen; his short, squat, yet straight, strong figure as it confronted me had something bull-like in its pugnacious solidity—"I must decline to be interviewed upon the reasons why a senile station-agent and a drunken conductor are unable to give reliable information. Is there anything more?"

There was—there was much more, but I didn't say it, for a woman came in just then. She was tall, with a full, slim-waisted figure, short brown hair and prominent eyes.

"I—excuse me, Mr. Pollexfen—it's lunch-time," she said, looking curiously from him to me.

"Miss Stempel—Miss Massey," Pollexfen said, and we both nodded. She didn't take to me, I could see that; but oh, how I didn't like her! "Miss Massey will have a cup of tea with us, Martha. Tell Mrs. Chipchase, will you, and Dorothea?"

We followed almost immediately on her heels, Pollexfen and I, as she went across the hall to the dining-room. Such a miserable luncheon, that seemed to choke us all! So constrained, so hopelessly rigid, with Mrs. Chipchase sitting as in a dream on one side, with me next to her, and at the foot of the table Miss Stempel, very straight and executive, giving orders and making table-talk in her place; Dorothea Chipchase, a girl of fifteen, red-eyed and sullen-lipped, opposite me, and at the head Pollexfen, hardly speaking, yet dominating every thought and word of all four of us.

It was in sheer desperation that I began to talk of myself, after Dorothea said shyly, "It must be fine—being on a

I WISH I HADN'T SUCH A SILLY, BABY FACE!

newspaper; better than the stage almost, and to go everywhere and see everything!"

"It's the one thing in the world for me," I answered quickly, glad of something honest and genuine I could say. "It's a standing joke in the office how 'gone' I am on the profession. But I do love it—I love the local room when each of us goes out to bag his story. I love it when we all get back at night, and pencils fly over the paper, and typewriters click, and the telephone bells go whirring. I love it when the paper's gone to press and those gossips, the newspaper boys—never women in the world were such gossips as these fellows—get down to chinning over their pipes; to telling the truth, more truth than they've been permitted to put into their stories; to bragging how they got their tips and followed 'em up; to turning things and people inside out and letting you see the springs that move 'em. I even love it—for the chance there's in it to redeem a failure—when one comes back empty-handed after a long, hard day and there's Bowman to face.

"Bowman's the city editor. There's no explanation goes with Bowman of why you fell down on your assignment. You've got your story, or you haven't. You've made a killing, or you haven't. Don't waste time telling Bowman how the deer jumped just at the critical moment, how the gun misbehaved, that the weather was bad or any other old thing. Just lay down your arms and throw up your hands. I did it—just once. It was my first interview—a little thing, I know now, but when Bowman sent me out on it my hands were numb, cold chills ran down my back, and I kept gulping nervously to swallow the brassy taste of terror in my mouth. Talk about stage fright! And it was an actress I had to interview—fancy! A vaudeville performer who'd made a hit with the frantic vigor of her dance. She was delighted to be interviewed, of course, but I was too green to know that. She received me in the most domestic little stage-scene, made to order to impress me—but how could I know that? I was too frightened and self-conscious to use my eyes, my ears or my tongue—I didn't have any brain. But she talked. My, how she talked! Told how she was starving when she first happened to hit upon the boom-boom style of dancing; how her manager discouraged her; how she persevered; how much money she had made; what her dresses cost; what her jewels were worth; what suffering her last divorce had cost her; what happiness she had found in her latest marriage; how she happened to have just one last photograph of herself that really belonged to her dear husband, but I might have it, because somehow she felt we were such good friends, and so she would write her name and mine at the bottom of it; how glad she was to meet me and how invariably she read everything I wrote (I had never signed a thing then), and when would the interview come out, and would I be sure to send her six copies——

"And I found myself out of the hotel, hurrying in a feverish dream toward the office, and at last entering Bowman's room with not a line written, not a word in my memory, and only the photograph of an actress—of an actress whose pictures her press-agent had been peddling hopelessly for weeks—for my day's work!

"I can hear his laugh yet—Bowman's. I can hear it and I can feel——"

Distinctly I felt a foot touch mine under the table. It was a warning: friendly, surreptitious, timid.

I put down the glass of wine that I had lifted to my lips, and as I did so I saw Mrs. Chipchase do precisely the same thing. But her face was miserable and humiliated, and her eyes refused to meet mine. And yet it must have been she—for Pollexfen sat at the extreme other end—she or Miss Stempel or Dorothea—who had given me warning—about what?

It wasn't the housekeeper—I was sure of that. But was it Dorothea? I turned to her.

"And—and what happened then?" she asked quickly. She did not lift her eyes to mine; she was looking at her stepmother.

"Oh, Bowman just had Thompson—Ted Thompson, he was on our paper then—write a fake interview. He did it in twenty minutes. And it was delicious; funny, clever, a million times better than I could possibly have done. I cried myself to sleep that night. And oh, how I loved the sight of that dear old local room the next morning that gave me another chance!"

"And you succeeded that time?" The child's voice was eager.

"That's what I did, and many another time, little girl."

"I'm glad," she said seriously, and we all rose then from the table.

All but Pollexfen and Mrs. Chipchase. They stayed behind. Dorothea ran up the long, broad flight of steps that led to the upper story, and as I followed Miss Stempel across the hall and into the front room Pollexfen called after me:

"Wait a few minutes, Miss Massey! Mrs. Chipchase will want to make the statement you asked for."

There was a note of simple, confident good-nature in his voice that dumfounded me. If Pollexfen said a thing like that in such a tone, it spelled defeat for Rhoda Massey. Where—where was the weak spot? In despair I cried to myself that McCabe was sure of the story. That nerved me again to believe in it myself and, in the mean time, to sit in the shaded parlor with Miss Stempel silently watching me while I waited for Mrs. Chipchase.

I heard her step in the hall and rose—clearly my stay in that house was over now—but just before she got to the parlor door there was a swift patter of feet down the stairs and I heard Dorothea's voice:

"Mary says she won't—she won't eat a thing unless I cook——"

And then Miss Stempel flew to the door and slammed it, as she went out, behind her.

For a minute I stood there alone, all a-tingle with excitement. Then the door opened and Mrs. Chipchase stood on the threshold.

"Miss Massey," she said, speaking with a mechanical tonelessness that was like a child's repetition of a lesson, "I am grieved to hear that certain rumors derogatory to my brother, Mr. Wells Pollexfen, are being circulated. I authorize you to deny them for me in your paper—in my name. They are false, all of them."

She bent her head and started up the stairs. And as Miss Stempel closed the hall door a moment later, shutting me out of the House of Mystery, the last thing that I saw was Mrs. Chipchase, then almost at the top of the staircase. She was clutching the banister as though every step was a mighty effort.

And the first thing I became aware of when I had stormed down the steps and out beyond the hedge was Ted Thompson's smiling, satisfied face.

"I should judge, from your joyous manner, Miss Massey," he said ironically, coming up and joining me, "that you have lunched with the Chipchases; that you have met wicked Miss Stempel and clever little Dorothea—not to mention that perfect gentleman, Wells Pollexfen—and that you are provided with a complete and circumstantial denial of the whole libelous tale—and not one line besides."

I had thought I should want to cry as soon as I was out of the house, I was so blue; but Thompson was so cocksure that I couldn't resist jarring his satisfaction a bit.

"You're nearly right," I admitted modestly.

He turned quickly.

"Nearly?"

"Doesn't that content you?"

He looked sharply at me.

"I don't believe you," he said after a minute. "If you had one solid fact to base a story on you'd have flown down those steps instead of——"

"That wouldn't have been professional."

"But it would have been human. I'd be capable of it myself for a Pollexfen story, and I've had a few years more of newspaper work than you, young lady. . . . Going to take the afternoon train back, Miss Massey?"

"Thank you, no, Mr. Thompson. I believe I'll wait till evening."

"So'll I, then; but look here." He got off his high horse. "State your grounds or your beliefs or your hopes of a Pollexfen story to me. If you do, I'll give you my word of honor to go straight back to town and make not the least use of your tip. But let me decide for you whether it's worth putting in your time—and your whole heart and soul, you insatiate little digger—on this forlorn hope."

I shook my head, but I put my hand in his outstretched big one; and for the first time it occurred to me that one might really like Ted Thompson, if one were only in his class and not a wretched little local-room prodigy full of envy.

"I can't," I laughed. "There isn't a lunatic outside of asylum walls that would call it a tip—the tiny, tiny hopelet I have. And yet I simply can't leave it. Go—leave me to my fate!"

"Good luck, then! I didn't know women had it in 'em, that terrier instinct to 'get to earth.' I don't like it. 'Tisn't womanly, and girls with sunny hair were made——"

"Oh, I'll be womanly to beat the band," I cried, "after the paper's gone to press."

I watched him as he swung off down the lane toward the village. It had exhilarated me just to talk with him. To be on the same story with Thompson made you feel almost like a special writer yourself; like one of the lofty who sit in separate rooms and use individual typewriters; who reject this assignment and accept that one, and talk to Bowman in a baffling little superior way, when you're so sorry you haven't time to do a certain story for him and regretfully wish you had; and sit down with McCabe as man to man and find fault with the make-up of the paper; and suggest a feature or a headline or an improvement in the artist's way of handling his part of it—oh, I'll do it and be it all myself some day.

I looked from the poppy-decked road where I sat over to the Chipchase house. Oh, to force it to yield up the secret it held, the big, stubborn, dumb place! I couldn't—I just couldn't go back. So I stayed and stayed.

And all I had—so little I had been ashamed to own it—was Dorothea's words in the hall: "Mary says she won't——"

Then Mary Chipchase must still be in that mysterious house yonder, and the story of the elopement must be a fake.

And I felt my pulses bounding, for just then a tall, well-developed figure in a stylish coat and a picture hat came down the side steps on the south side, walked across the lawn out into the lane and down toward the village.

It was Miss Stempel—Miss Stempel out of the way and the door lightly shut behind her and most probably unlocked, and the way Miss Stempel came out must be the way for Rhoda Massey to get in again.

I didn't give myself time to think it over. I didn't dare, it was so mad a thing to do. But before I'd got to the door I had a wee lie ready for an emergency. I didn't knock—no, I pushed the door open and softly I hurried up the narrow flight of stairs, the servants' staircase. I'd got to the top and stood like a guilty thing looking down the hall and longing for something to tell me which of the two corridors that branched from it was the one I wanted, when I heard a step.

My heart went down to my boots. At the thought of meeting Pollexfen something seemed to clog within me. I might have been the sneak thief I looked and not the hardest digger on the staff of the biggest and yellowest paper in the city, so unreasoningly terrified I was.

But it wasn't Pollexfen; it was a housemaid, who looked surprised at the sight of me, but not amazed.

I went up to her all a-beam. I can be what Thompson calls womanly, and just now I cared more to make friends with this big-toothed Irish girl than for taffy from any man I'd ever met.

"Miss Stempel told me to come right up," I said quickly. "I met her just as she was going out. She said you'd show me Miss Chipchase's room—which is it?"

I said it casually. I really think I did, but there was a sound of rushing in my ears, I so held my breath to listen.

And she said it! She said it!

"Which wan?" she asked.

"Why, Mary's, of course. We were roommates at college," I gurgled in my relief. "Dorothea's growing, though, isn't she?"

She nodded, leading the way without a word. It may have seemed as though I walked after her, but I really danced all the way down the broad, dark hall behind her.

And then suddenly something sent the blood to my ears again. It was the tapping of a cane—Pollexfen's cane, I knew it—planted so firmly and slowly and regularly that it might measure the beating of one's heart. I couldn't face him, not now within an inch of my story—anything but that!

(Continued on Page 30)

ON THE GRAND JURY

MERE BURGLARY BECAME A MATTER OF LIGHT MENTION

The Modern Star-Chamber: Its Manifold Tragedies and Comedies

By OPIE READ

IN MODERN jurisprudence there still remains one relic of the star-chamber—the grand jury room. Here the accused has no voice. His accusers come and lay down the details of his crime, and if a bill is found against him he must defend himself in open court. He has been indicted in secret.

Did you ever serve on a grand jury? It is a duty that most men shirk. It presents visions of long discussions and of close confinement; but the truth is that a grand jury is its own master, with powers practically unlimited, and with a State's attorney to pass the dishes at this the table of the criminal law. And there is every conceivable dish, from the ordinary swindle to the midnight murder. A man who lives in a great city, and who from the headlines of the daily newspaper catches the reflex of crime, may, along toward the latter end of his life, imagine that he is acquainted with the most sodden phases of human nature; but, unless he has served as a grand juryman, he is still in the kindergarten of simplicity, playing "Ring Around the Rosebush," and listening with childish wonder to the story of Little Red Riding Hood. In the States that still proceed under the old common law, such as Illinois, for instance, hundreds of cases unknown to justices or to the police courts go directly to the grand jury.

In this body of inexperienced judges, called suddenly to pass upon acts and to construe motives, there are men from nearly all grades of life. Here is the simple farmer whose most vivid glimpse of commerce dates back to a time when, thinking to better his condition, he bought a gold brick. At his elbow sits a speculator whose business it is to sell blue strips out of the sky of hope. Not far off is a real-estate man, sharp of eye and with pencil ever ready to trace a motive. Needing but a thread of testimony, he is quick to decide. Not so, however, with the boiler and engine maker over there. Dealing in ponderous bulks, he demands a ton of evidence; and thus temperament and occupation are called upon to decide whether or not there shall be a true bill.

From this indictment there is no appeal. The governor may set aside the verdict of the criminal court, the judge and the petit jury, but naught save a trial and a verdict of "Not guilty" can put aside a decision of the star-chamber, the twelve right hands held up—for this number, a majority of twenty-three, means conviction. How ancient it is, coming out of the forests of Britain, and how closely, in spite of our ideas of revolutionary advancement, we still cling to it! Law has its boudoirs and its hothouses, but the grand jury is plucked up out of the rude soil.

Recently, in Chicago, I was summoned to serve as a grand juryman. My first thought was to get out of it, if possible—and it is not hard to frame a good excuse; but a wise old man said to me: "Don't try to escape it. Of course the pay amounts to nothing, but the expegience will issue bonds that will never cease to draw interest. In order to appreciate the strength of your brother man you must also estimate his weaknesses, and on the grand jury you will see him at his weakest."

I make it a point not to follow advice, particularly my own, but in this counsel there seemed to be much of common-sense, and so I was sworn in as grand juryman for the county of Cook, to pass upon the frailties of two millions of people, about two-thirds of as many as arose in America against George III of England. This illustration may seem unimportant, but it is true and sounds big, which, as you must observe, dignifies the position—and I wish to remark that a star-chamber is jealous of its dignity. It was the first time that any power was ever bound and gagged and presented to me. It is true that I was once a major of militia, but as a ballot-box was taken away from my command and stuffed like a Christmas turkey it would be out of order for me to boast of the preferment.

Upon taking the oath, administered by a judge who appeared to know what he was about, we were informed that crime was rampant and that the great jail was full of prisoners waiting for us to determine whether they should be set at liberty or brought to trial. Suddenly I began to feel myself grow conscientious, and, from the countenances about me, I perceived that my co-laborers in the fields of iniquity were in a like state of ethical evolution. Twenty-three strong, we went in to share a joke, but soon we were face to face with horrors "that may not without much scandal be spoken of," and which still return time and again to make me shiver when, out of the dazzle of the day, shudderous dreams come floating down through the dark channels of the night. Mere burglary became a matter of light mention.

THE NEAREST TO ANY PERSONAL USE THAT HE DESIRED TO MAKE OF IT

Assault with attempt to kill appeared but a passing incident, wife-beating a sort of social amusement, and even murder was of secondary moral chill. "I have sounded the bass string of humanity," said one of the Eastcheap robbers. He must have been a grand juryman.

The man who loves virtue finds it. The man who worships honor lives with it. In life you discover what you look for, but on the grand jury you find that suddenly all theories have been upset. Without having hunted for crime it has become your intimate, your confidential companion. You are closeted with it. A wretch turns State's evidence and makes you his father-confessor. You despise him, but you listen under oath to weigh what he says. You ask questions and he answers, with respect perforce, but with familiarity, for, in that he is to be freed or treated with lenity by the law for his perfidy, you are in a manner his confederate. You feel this and would like to kick him out, but you have taken an oath to serve the people, and in order to convict you are willing to listen to the shameless words of a scoundrel and a traitor.

But how kaleidoscopic were the proceedings, humor mingling with tragedy, like an Elizabethan play! An old mammy darky came in to lodge a complaint against a rascal for obtaining money under false pretenses. With her she brought the air of the plantations of the South. She looked as if she had just baked corn-pone, leaving in it the prints of her fingers.

"Dis yere man—white man, too—he come ter my house an' he 'low dat he kin git my son outen de Bridewell jail house, caze he's a speret man an' could put his han' on de jail an' shake it down. I axed him how much money it would take, an' he say dat ter shake right hard his 'speriance learned him dat it would take erbout fifteen dollars. I wanted my son out, caze I didn' hab nobody ter go ter church wid me, an' I scuffled erroun', I did, an' I raise de money fur him. He went erway, an' two, three days atter dis he come back an' he say dat de jail shuck mightly, but it wuz er powerful big jail an' he didn' hab quite money enough ter shake it down, but wid five dollars mo' he could shake it like er lump o' calf-foot jelly.

"By dis time my 'spicions had riz up ez fur ez my eyebrows, an' I tell him dat he could shake my son outen de jail easier den he could shake any mo' money outen me, an' dat I gwine hab him 'rested, an' he said ef I did he put de spell on me, an' he's welcome ter de fifteen dollars, but I want ter ex you genermen ter 'strain him frum er workin' o' dat spell, fur I had it flung on me once an' had de rheumatiz fur er yeah."

That case disposed of, there came witnesses to the murder of an old man, and after that a handsomely-dressed woman who wanted a man arrested for defrauding her of a thousand-dollar diamond. He was a mystic, this fellow, with a jeweled cloth wound about his head, and he had told the woman that if she would let him take the diamond he would bless it with eternal luck. She gave it to him, agreeing to pay him fifty dollars when he returned it. No doubt she would have kept her word if he had given her the opportunity. But he didn't. He took the diamond to a pawnshop.

"We never know what is to come next," said a juryman. "Let us see."

We saw—a woman, pale and ill-dressed, wretched. She told a pitiful story of her life with her husband, a brute. He had beaten her, had deserted her, and now she invoked the law. But more than eighteen months had elapsed, and the State's attorney brought forward the statute of limitation, sympathizing with the woman, but knowing that the case would be thrown out of court. Then arose a discussion. Emotion would trample upon the statute of limitation. Every juryman wanted the brute punished. Sitting near me was a man named Phillips. His gentleness had attracted me; his voice was soft; he was an advocate of mercy, but he demanded justice for the woman. I chanced to be looking into his eyes as he made a motion as if to speak. Whence came that strange light? Suddenly a shadow fell into his eyes—like the shadow of the wing of a passing bird. He sank back into his chair—and was dead, with a smile of mercy on his lips.

"We never know what is to come next," repeated the juryman.

After the funeral the comic tragedy was resumed. Imagination could not exaggerate the shadow of a coming absurdity. There was jealousy, petty spite, business contention construed into crime.

A rich man in an adjoining State had sought to "corner" all of the industries of his town, water-works and street railways. To effect this it was necessary to issue bonds and then to sell them. Along came a man who was an expert in selling bonds. He would undertake the job for $15,000, $5000 down. The deal was brought to a close at a hotel in Chicago. The agent didn't sell the bonds. The rich man demanded his $5000—couldn't get the money; agent didn't feel in the humor to give it up. Then the rich man thought to have his agent indicted. He came with his story. The jury listened. A wink that went around asked the question: "Wasn't he trying to squeeze the people? Wasn't the nipper nipped? Let's throw it out and let them go to the civil courts."

It was thrown out. A sense of retributive justice is sometimes more active than the law.

In came a man with a bogus check for $150. A party of men had gone into his house one night, had drunk $150 worth of champagne, and one of them had given a check in payment.

"Did you give him any money on the check?" inquired the State's attorney.

"No, but he got the wine, and, see, the bank says he had no account there."

"Ah, hah! But you didn't give him any money."

"No; I tell you I gave him the wine."

"Very well, and you got a check, and it is a record of the debt. You have no case here."

When he had gone out one of the jurymen inquired: "Is that a fact?" And after a few moments of thought he added: "What a sucker I've been!"

This was a bit of forced humor, pumped up as an offset to the next tragedy, a murder involving three Italians. They were living in a cottage in a suburban town. One night pistol shots were heard. A number of men ran over to the cottage and found all three of the inmates dead. On the floor, after the crime, were scattered money and jewelry—$400 and several diamonds. Robbery was not the object. Was it the revenge of a secret society? A number of Italians were sworn as witnesses. Not one of them could or would speak English, and the interpreter could get nothing out of them. A man had been arrested. On the floor there had also been found a pocketbook with a name written in it. When taken to the station the prisoner was asked to write his name. It was an exact reproduction of the name in the book, a peculiar signature. He had been seen in the neighborhood, but the witnesses were surprised when his name was mentioned. They swore that they had never heard of him.

Then came a charge against a tramp for stealing soap. They didn't find any of the soap on him. They found it where he had hidden it, and that was perhaps the nearest to any personal use that he desired to make of it.

And, come to think of it, during the two-weeks' session we passed upon more than 2000 pounds of soap that had been stolen! A Pole who said that it was a part of his creed not to wash had stolen fifty bars. He said that his belief did not keep other people from washing, and if they did they might as well buy soap of him. His confession came through a policeman. And, by the way, the average officer of the star-chamber cares not so much for the immediate evidence in hand as for the record of the thief. "Well, sir," he is asked, "what do you know about this case?"

Immediately and eagerly he answers: "Well, he's served two terms and has given us a great deal of trouble since he came out the last time."

"BY DIS TIME MY 'SPICIONS HAD RIZ UP EZ FUR EZ MY EYEBROWS"

"But this case, now. What do you know of it?"

"I arrested him twice last year."

"But do you know anything about his breaking into this house?"

"Oh, this house? Yes, I have his written confession."

Sometimes when warrants had been sworn out while injuries were fresh, the complainants have come, after deliberation, to beg that there be no prosecution; and although the evidence might be plain, our jury, respecting this sense of forgiveness, nearly always voted no bill. There was the case of a young fellow who had been robbed of an overcoat. The culprit had been arrested and had confessed. "But I don't want to prosecute him," said the man who had been robbed.

"Did you get your coat back?"

"No, but I've got another one, and this fellow Jim will need the one he got from me. You see, sir, I don't believe that, under the circumstances, he could hardly help taking it. The weather had turned cold and his jacket was thin."

"Well, but having such sympathy for him, why did you have him arrested?"

"You see, sir, I didn't know I had such sympathy for him until after he was arrested. I had seen him in the hallway a time or two, but hadn't taken much notice of him—didn't know he was so thin—unable to work; and when they led me to his cell to identify him, my heart smote me, sir, to see him standing there like—like a pale shadow; and I begged the police to turn him loose, but they wouldn't. He talked to me in a very friendly way, sir; he said it was his first offense, and I believe him. He said he was so sorry that he

"BUT I DON'T WANT TO PROSECUTE HIM," SAID THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN ROBBED

had stolen the coat that he was going to bring it back, and he was coming toward the house when he was arrested, sir."

"Young man, you know how to forgive."

"Yes, sir; for I was once a thief myself, but the Salvation Army prayed for me and I turned from the bad life, and the kind Master forgave me; and if you will let this young fellow out of jail he will go with me to-night and listen to the men who have turned from the evil way."

The foreman put the question. There was no bill, and the penitent thief was released from jail.

Once there was a night session, and when everything was quiet about the monstrous old building whose every stone seems the record of a crime, an eyewitness, a negro, was brought in to testify in a murder case. Black? He appeared as a fragment of the starless night, and his words were almost as few as the words of the Raven, but he could show to us the quarrel and in action could deal the deathblow. The weapon was a pair of barber's clippers. With this sawlike thing a man's throat had been cut. The witness, with a few gestures, drew a picture of the room, and swiftly assumed the different rôles, leaping swiftly from one to another. We could see three men. There was no gap. Was there ever before such art? In portrayal, his words became those of three distinct voices. And what a quarrel, how swift, how reproachful to the methods of the dramatist! There was a shudder when he seized the imaginary clippers, and when he struck there was an outcry. The victim fell across a chair. We heard his death struggles, the scuffling of his feet and the gasping for breath. Then he fell upon the floor, his face upward, his eyes set.

"Othello," some one whispered when the actor arose.

"More than that," said the State's attorney. "No one I ever saw on the stage could approach him. He lived it—he *is* it. Any one wish to cross-question him? I don't. I have seen the murder. He makes us all witnesses."

The Works of Plupy Shute

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

YOURS VERY RESPECTIVELY, PLUPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,
————, 186—

DEAR BEANY, i wish you had been here last saterday. me and Ed Tole got into a scrape. you know J. Albert Clark has got some white brama hens and a old rooster most as big as a baril. J. Albert thinks they are the best hens in town. so when J. Albert let them out and went up to his office me and Ed brougt up Eds rooster to lick J. Alberts but when we put him down he stuck up the fethers on the back of his head and put his wings up over his back and begun to sing like a hen does when she wants to lay a eg only his voise was sqorkier. when a rooster does that he wont fite. i suppose a rooster whitch is scart wants to make the other rooster think he is a hen becaus a rooster wont fite a hen. sometimes a hen will drop down her wings and spred her tale and stick up the fethers on her neck and try to fite a rooster if she hasent seen him before, but the rooster only runs around her with a wing draging on the ground and says kitty-kitty-quor. it is funny, when a rooster gets ready to fite he drops his wings down and sticks up the fethers on his neck, and when he is scart he holds his wings up and sticks up the fethers on the back of his head, and so does a hen two.

well when we knew Eds rooster woodent fite we chased him over Sam Dires fense and down through John Adams yard and cougt him behine Jo Greenleefs barn. then we went back and got a long bord and a rock and made a sesaw with t end on the ground and we put some corn on the bord and the hens climed up on the bord and then me and Ed gumped on the other end of the bord and the end where the hens was flew up and the hens went up in the air squorking terrible and they was so hevy that they coodent fly good and they come down whak ennyway.

they was pretty scart, but bimeby some of them tride it agen and this time we sent them up so high that one come down on her back and dident get up agen. she is dead. nobody saw us and when J. Albert come home tonite he looked up in his hen book to see what she dide of and he said he had been feeding them two mutch and they had got two fat and she dide of apoplecksy jest like a fat man. so he dont feed them mutch now and they have stoped laying. I bet he wood be mad if he knew what she dide of.

i have got a young robin. it is tame and eats wirms out of my hand. I havent seen Pewt for a days. wright soon.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, i got your letter all rite. I shood like to seen the fite between Frank Cleves and the other feller. i am glad Frank licked. you tell him I say so. i always like to have the feller i know lick in a fite. has your aunt ever found out that you hooked her frute cake. If Tom dont get mad with you and tell her you wont get found out. if i was you i wood tell Tom you will lick time out of him if he tells. you might get him to do something prety tuff and then tell him if he tells on you, you will tell on him. then he wont dass to tell. I saw Lizzie Tole last nite. she asked me if i heard ennything from you and I said you was having a pretty good time but I gessed you wanted to see somebody prety bad.

Cele is mad with me and I have got to beg her pardon. I cant go out of the yard until I do. today Billy Swett come down to invite Cele to go boat ride and he staid in the garden till Cele she come out and they was talking out in the garden and i stuck my head out of the window and sung that tune we heard in Morris Brothers Minstrils, o where we met ile near forget twas love among the roses, and Cele tirned as red as a beat and Billy he did two and when Cele come in she told mother and mother said i had got to beg her pardon before i cood go out of the yard. I had ruther she wood lick me but mother she knew i coodent stand staying in the yard and not going in swiming. i told Cele I wood give her my new nife if she wood let me of but she was mad and woodent say ennything to me. Cele dont get mad very often but when she does she is madder than ennyone and stays mad longer. so i gess i will have to do it. i hate to do it. my robins tale is most an inch long. I have to keep diging wirms and it is prety hard to get them. i have dug up round the sink drane and they aint enny more there and now i tirn up bords that have been down on the ground and sometimes i get some big ones before they can crawl back in there holes. when are you coming back. wright soon.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, did you know if you take a dead hornet or bumble bee or wasp and put it down a fellers back and then lam him on the place where the hornet is it will sting him jest the same as if the hornet was alive. I found it out this way. I found a dead hornet and picked it up and squashed it in my hand and it stang me terrible. then i got another and put it down Medo Thirstens back and while he was bending over trying to get it out I lammed him one and you had aught to hear him holler. he nearly tirned himself rong side out trying to get that hornet out. after he got over it we put sum mud on the sting and I told him about it. we are going to try it on Pewt. why dont you try it on Frank Cleves. perhaps it wood be better to try it on Tom for Frank can lick you and Tom cant and when a feller has got stang by a hornet he wants to hit somebody rite of. if you want to try it on enny of the fellers you can go to some place where they is a hornets nest and take a shingle and you can most always kill some. you may get stang but it is wirth geting stang to see some feller hop and holler and try to get a hornet out of his neck. i will tell you how we will play it on Pewt. I wish you was back. i saw your father today riding his horse. i tell you he set up strate and looked fine. wright soon and tell me if they is enny fites.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, I got your letter. it was buly. i thougt i shood die when i read how you put the hornet in your uncles chair. did he sware as bad as father did when he hit his nose agenst the door in the dark? i shoodent ever thaugt of that. it was better than when we usted to put pens in Micky Goulds seat in school. only you will have to wate a while before you put one down Toms neck or you will get caut.

I went up to Whacks today. Boog and Poz is sick with chicking pocks. I have had it and so i cood go in and see them. i went up in there room and they was in bed, Boog in one side of the room and Poz in the other. ferst Boog said he had more speckles on him then Poz and was sicker than Poz and Poz said he bet he had the most, and they begun to count and Poz said Boog coodent count the bile on his neck and Boog said it wasent a bile but a chicking pocks speckle and Poz said it was a bile and Boog said it wasent and Poz said he cood back it up and Boog said Poz dident dass to come half way and Poz gumped out of bed and Boog he did two and they saled rite into eech other in there shert tales and had the bulliest fite you ever see til they heard their mother calling up stairs to know what they was doing, and they piled into bed and said they was rassling and they said they wood keep still if Plupy wood read to them. so i read Masterman Reddy. i never see such fellers in my life to fite. i told them about the hornet goke and they said when they got well they wood try it on Whack. I saw Lizzie Tole today. i asked her if she had heard from Beany and she tirned prety red. «I bet you are wrighting to her, Beany, aint you. my robin is all rite. wright soon.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,
————, 186—

Dear Beany, I have performed a operation on one of my hens. she had a hard crop. she had et so mutch that her crop was a times as big as a base ball and hard as one. J. Albert Clark looked in his hen book and said the only way to cure the hen was to cut open the crop and take out the corn and things she had et and then wash the crop out with warm water and then sow up the hole and the hen wood get well. he read me jest what the book said. so i got mothers sizzers and a needle and some black thred and I got the hen and put her on her back in the barn. then i put my knee on eech of her wings so she coodent get away. then i cut a little hole in her crop and put my finger in and tirned her over and squesed her crop til i got everything out. then i washed it out with warm water and sowed it up tite so it wood not leek. then i put a little lard on the cut place and let her go and she was all rite. i gess i will be a doctor when i am a man unless i can play in the band. when i fed my hens tonite she coodent eat very well but i gess her crop is sore.

my robin dident seem very well today. i am going to get some black cherrys for him tomorrow. I wish i cood come down to old orchard to see you but i aint got enny chink. when are you coming home. Pewt fell of a ladder today. and hit on his head. it dident hurt him mutch. « father says his head is solid way threw. this is all I can wright tonite.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

Dear Beany, Why in time havent you rote to me. i aint going to do all the wrighting. this is the last letter i shall wright you til you send me a letter. I only wright this to tell you what tuff luck I have had. wensday my hen whitch I cut open the crop of dide. I see she wasent well fer when i fed her she wood try to eat and wood swalow some corn down and then wood shake her head and shake it all out. so she set all humped up and dide. then me and J. Albert xamined her and gess what we found. I had sewed her crop up so she coodent get ennything into it and starfed to deth. I felt prety bad about it. then yesterday my robin dide. I had went out every day for cherrys and i had dug the whole garden up for wirms and still he dide. it was prety tuff to see him try to eat, I did everything for him. Mother says it is cruel to keep him but i aint never cruel to animals, or birds or hens. yesterday they was 2 cats over in the school yard rite up in front of eech other with their ears lade back and yowling terrible and tirning their heads round and round. I wached them for a long time to see them fite. bimeby i drew the sling shot back as far as i cood and let ding at them and hit one in the back. i wish you cood see him hiper. he dident stop to fite but he went over the school house fence, and down by old Heads shop. the other looked round with his eyes as big as his head and begun to crawl of slow and i let ding at him and he spit and yowled and tried to run in 2 or 3 diferent ways at once and then he went of like litening. remember to wright.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.

Editor's Note—This is the first installment of a series of letters written by Plupy Shute to his friend Beany.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomperable Bellairs, etc.

Copyright, 1904, 1905, by Egerton Castle. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER XXVII

UP WENT Lady Aspasia's eyeglasses. Often had she pictured to herself the woman who had "cut her out." She vowed she knew the type: the Simla belle, ill-painted, ill-dyed, with the airs of importance of the Governor's wife badly grafted upon the second-rate manners of the Indian officer's widow.

As Rosamond came into the room, her long black draperies trailing, her radiant head held high, a geranium flush upon cheeks and lips, Lady Aspasia's glasses fell upon her knees with a click; then she lifted them quickly to stare afresh. She forgot to rise from her chair; she forgot even to criticise.

"I'm done for—I'm stumped!" cried the poor sporting lady in her candid soul. "It's all u-p! Lord, what a fool I have been!"

Sir Arthur, filling his lungs with a breath of righteous reprehension, looked; and exhaled it in a puff of triumph. A beautiful creature. The most beautiful creature he had ever seen! And she was his—his wife, Lady Gerardine. The old glorious self-satisfaction rushed back upon him. How well he had chosen, after all! A little neurasthenia might well be forgiven to one who so superlatively vindicated his taste. It was a glorious moment, this, of presenting the shining star of his selection to the poor old flame.

Sac-à-papier! . . . Quand une anglaise se mêle d'être belle, elle ne fait pas les choses à moitié."

Doctor Châtelard adjusted his spectacles. This was the woman whom the astute Bethune, under the purple Indian sky, had accused in his hearing of being cold. Cold? Just Heavens—what a bloom, what a flower! Ah! the answer to that question he had been asking himself with devouring curiosity ever since his recognition of the manor-house guest was here given him without a word. The poor—the poor Sir Gerardine! Here was what he, Châtelard, with his enormous experience, had securely predicted. *Voici la conflagration!*

Not a jewel did Rosamond wear; but her soft draperies were strung with long lines of jet, so that, with each movement, subdued fires seemed to flash about her. The fever color in her cheeks, the fever light in her eyes, lent her usually pale and pensive beauty an unnatural brilliancy. All in the little room were unwittingly struck into immobility, that their every energy might be given to so rare a sight.

Raymond Bethune flung but one look, then dropped his eyes.

"He is afraid to betray himself," thought the shrewd Châtelard. His own inquisitive eye was everywhere. For once he was right in the midst of his wild surmises.

Even Baby stared, open-mouthed.

Rosamond advanced, looked round with unseeing glances. "I am here. What is wanted of me?" she seemed to ask vaguely.

"Painted!" cried Lady Aspasia to herself, her gaze fixed hungrily. "No"—for here Sir Arthur bent to kiss his wife, and the scarlet cheek turned to him was suddenly blanched—"No. What's the matter with the creature? She looks as if she were going to faint."

But Lady Aspasia was in no mood to follow the fertile train of thought suggested by Lady Gerardine's evident emotion under her husband's caress; her own emotions were for the moment unwontedly acute and painful. Sir Arthur's fond and proud look at his beautiful consort struck the old love with a stab. She was not even regretted!

"My dear," said Sir Arthur, one of his wife's cold hands in his, "here is Lady Aspasia, of whom you have heard so much."

Then Lady Aspasia remembered her manners, and rose to greet her hostess. As she did so she caught the reflection both of herself and of Lady Gerardine side by side in the mirror over the chimneypiece. Both tall women, their heads were nearly on a level; but between the two faces what a chasm! How could the old love be regretted? She was not even regrettable.

The elder woman gave a harsh laugh.

"Awfully glad," she muttered, for once at a loss for words. "She's got it all," she was saying to herself. "Youth and beauty—and Arty. Poor Arty; she does not care a snap of her finger for him, and Heaven knows what's on her conscience."

"You remember Doctor Châtelard, my love," proceeded Sir Arthur. M. Châtelard made his preliminary French bow and respectfully took possession of Rosamond's icy fingers. While his lips were forming an elegant little speech of greeting, while he was assuring her ladyship of his acute sense of privilege at being under her roof, his swift thoughts were busy on fresh conclusions. He looked down at the pale hand, the deathlike touch of which lay inert in his palm, and up at the hectic loveliness of the face.

"*C'est qu'elle est malade—très malade même!*" he said to himself with sudden gravity. "Ah, she is not one to whom sin is easy! The young man may remember he was warned." And as he gave his arm to his hostess to lead her into the dining-room, he was perhaps the only member of the company to realize that Lady Gerardine had not so far uttered a single word. "This will end in tragedy," he told himself again; and the ring of Sir Arthur's laugh, the jovial content of his voice behind him, struck the Frenchman's ear, mere student of psychology as he was, with an actual sensation of pain.

"THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW," SAID SHE IN A DESPERATE WHISPER TO BETHUNE

As they crossed the hall they passed the figure of the Indian secretary standing motionless, with folded arms, at the farther end. The man salaamed as they went by, and M. Châtelard felt Lady Gerardine shudder.

"Does the Eastern inspire you with repugnance?" queried he as they entered the dining-room.

"With horror," she answered in a deep, vibrating voice; "with hatred."

The note of her passion was so incongruous to the occasion that the traveler found nothing to reply.

Once seated at the table, however, he set himself, with tactful assiduity, to cover a situation which tended to become awkward, not to say impossible. Fortunately, too, both the Aspasias kept up an almost violent conversation, and between them Sir Arthur was allowed very little time for reflection or observation.

Baby had purposely placed a large erection of ferns and flowers in the centre of the table. Sir Arthur had to peer around if he wanted to catch his wife's eyes. The four candles, in their red shades, gave but faint illumination. The dark oak paneling absorbed the side lights. It was only to Bethune on the one hand, to M. Châtelard on the other, that Rosamond's persistent mutism, her abstraction, became obtrusive.

"You have, I fear, small appetite, madam," said the Frenchman at last with kindly anxiety, unable himself to enjoy the excellent plain fare provided by old Mary, while this lovely dumb creature beside him shuddered from the food on her plate, much as she had shuddered from the sight of the Pathan in the hall.

She turned her eyes, unnaturally bright in their haggard setting, slowly upon him, as if aware that he had spoken, and yet unable to grasp his meaning.

"You do not eat," he repeated with more explicitness. On the other side of him Lady Aspasia, wheeling around from her absorbing conversation with Sir Arthur, caught the words. She looked curiously at Lady Gerardine.

"We have taken away her appetite," she cried in her literal French. "Too bad—and such a good dinner, too! I am ravenous still, in spite of the scones." And she fell with zest upon the chop before her.

Jealousy might beset her, and angry suspicion of the woman who had supplanted her, but the business of the moment for Lady Aspasia was dinner.

"Capital wine," said Sir Arthur. "I had no idea, my dear Rosamond, that you could give us anything like this." He peered around the chrysanthemums at her, and received again the agreeable shock of her beauty in its new garb of color. "I shall have to visit the cellar to-morrow. It's quite old wine, 'pon my soul. Châtelard," and he burst into his ultra-Parisian French, "you maintain a pretty fashion in your country which we have given up in ours. Let us clink glasses."

There was a flutter of napkins, an exchange of salutations. M. Châtelard rose, bowed his close-cropped gray head, and reached over his brimming glass. When it had touched Sir Arthur's he turned and held it out, for the same ceremony, toward Lady Gerardine. Again she merely lifted her eyes toward him. He sank back on his chair and drank hastily.

"*Superfolie*—she looks at one like a suffering dog. . . . And that fellow opposite, with his face of marble! He drinks, that one, if he eats as little as she. And Sir Gerardine, the poor husband, so touching in his joy of family affection—and the little miss, so innocent and gay—and the storm gathering—gathering! I could almost wish myself out of this, after all. The interest is undeniable, but the situation lacks comfort!"

"Look," said Aspasia suddenly, in a low tone, to Major Bethune, and laying her hand on his sleeve; "look, now that the door is open! Muhammed has been in the hall all the time of dinner. He's listening to us, and watching."

"Muhammed?" echoed Major Bethune, starting slightly. His thoughts had been fixed so intently upon a painful and tangled speculation that he had some difficulty in bringing them back to Aspasia and her fears.

"Yes," urged the girl. "Muhammed. Don't you see? There he is." She dropped her voice still lower. "I do think he's got his eye on Runkle. Oh, dear, I don't believe I ever knew what it was to be frightened before I came to this dreadful Old Ancient House!"

Bethune glanced at her paling cheek, and then out through the half-open door into the hall, where the figure of the Pathan might indeed be perceived leaning against the staircase post in his former attitude of composed watchfulness.

"Don't be frightened," said the officer of Guides, smiling; "the Eastern are as curious as children, for all their grand impassive airs; and this very fine Westernized specimen has come to stare at us, and despise us in the depths of his soul, which is as savage, no doubt, as that of his brethren, in spite of his veneer. Besides, Miss Aspasia, he's not looking at Sir Arthur; he's looking at Lady Gerardine."

"He knows she hates him, perhaps," said Baby with a fresh chill of apprehension. "Oh, Major Bethune, you may laugh, but I don't believe the creature's safe; and I, who thought him quite human when he helped me with the wine to-night. Fancy, I was down in the dark cellars with him!"

"Capital pheasants," said Sir Arthur; "capital."

"My word!" cried Lady Aspasia's shrill voice; "I wish my chef would only learn to make bread sauce like this."

"I hope there's another bottle up of that excellent wine," resumed the great man genially.

"Excellent wine, in very truth," echoed M. Châtelard.

Rosamond's soul sickened within her. How they ate and drank! How nauseating was the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of glasses, the fumes of wine and roast! Away, away, in the old gray fort, at the end of endless winding valleys under the snows, one was a-hungered and a-thirst.

HE WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE COMPANY TO REALIZE THAT LADY GERARDINE HAD NOT SO FAR UTTERED A SINGLE WORD

"*We shall have to draw in our belts,*" he was saying, making mock, as strong men will, of his physical pain. "*Only four dozen boxes of pea meal and twenty bags of rice left . . .*"

"*When men are slowly starved they can bear the hunger . . . but thirst is an active devil.*"

Oh! the smell of the wine—his wine—to see them drink it, laughing, while his dear lips in vain were calling out for water!

. . . . . .

She felt his anguish burn in her own throat, desiccate her own mouth. Some one was speaking to her; her dry tongue clicked and could form no sound. She groped for the glass of water and lifted it to her lips, but laid it down untouched in a spasm of horror. How could she drink when he was parched?

"*Rosamond, Rosamond, when will you hold the cup for me?*" She put her hand to her throat; the room went around with her.

"You are suffering," said Bethune, leaning over to her.

His nature was all unused to introspection. By character and breeding he was given to hold in scorn all troubles that were not concrete, all conflicts conducted in those nebulous regions known as the heart or the soul. His life had been mapped out on positive lines, where right and wrong were as white and black. But, since his first meeting with Lady Gerardine, his simple ethics no longer sufficed. Not only did others discover to him desires, motives, heights and depths undreamed of in his philosophy, but he had become aware of some such forces in his own being. Like a man who first suspects within himself the germs of mortal illness, he had tried to prove their non-existence by denial. But the pain-life is too strong for human will, and the time comes when the only fight the will can make against it is that of silent endurance.

As Bethune sat by his hostess to-night he was feeling, inarticulately, according to his nature, but acutely, not only the pain of her own situation as he dimly guessed it, but the actual physical pain of her suffering, her sick recoil from meat and bread, almost the spasm in her beautiful throat that would not let her swallow one drop of the water her fevered lips yearned for.

He spoke at last. Her dumb anguish were more than he could bear.

She inclined her head toward him. Vague at first, he saw understanding of his speech, consciousness of his presence gather into her glance; and then, something else—something, the name of which he could not formulate, even in his own mind, but which turned him cold. Suddenly she spoke, in so low a voice that the words, like some distilled poison, seemed, drop by drop, to fall straight from her lips into his heart only:

"You sit at his table, you drink his wine—you—you who took the sacrifice of his life for your own—you, who should have died that dawn, that he might live!"

What things are these, our conventions of civilization! There sat Bethune, in his high white collar, his stiff shirt front, his trim black coat, listening to Lady Gerardine's mad words, one hand still on his fork, with that air of courteous attention which a man should pay to his hostess' conversation, be it on the subject of the weather or the last political conundrum.

Even had M. Châtelard adjusted his spectacles for a piercing look at the hero of his drama at that particular moment he would have read nothing on the lean, saturnine countenance. Yet had it not been for the conventions of society how would not Raymond Bethune have answered Rosamond Gerardine? With what madness leaping to hers; with what passion, down on his knees! . . . . . "Scorn me, for I deserve your scorn. I cast myself and my worthless life before you. Crush me into the dust if you will, only let me feel as I die the print of your foot upon me. Oh, you—most beautiful!"

"I think," said M. Châtelard, rising abruptly, "that Lady Gerardine is ill."

She was leaning back, deathly white, save for two hectic spots on each cheekbone which heightened the ghastliness of her look.

Poor Sir Arthur! It was too bad! Just as he was beginning to feel so comfortable, in spite of the poky little place, so connubially satisfied.

"Tut, tut!" he cried as he fussily made his way around the table. "I had hoped we had left all this in India."

Baby warded off his approach with a pointed elbow.

"Keep away, for goodness' sake, Runkle," she cried sharply. "She's faint; she wants air, that's all. Come with me, darling."

But with unexpected strength Lady Gerardine rose abruptly from her chair and pushed the faithful child on one side.

"I am not faint," she said. "I am not faint; I am sick. Oh! . . . to see you all eat and drink!" She swept the circle with her eyes, her last glance resting upon Bethune. Then, with a beating heart, he knew what it was, this new, nameless thing he had never seen before in her soft eyes—it was hatred.

Her light draperies, weighted with their embroideries, swung against the chairs and the paneling of the narrow room as she hurried out from among them, head erect—scorn, abhorrence in the very wind of her swift passage.

With a sudden dilation of the eye Muhammed Saif-u-din watched her come. He checked a forward movement toward her, and drew himself up sharply. But as she passed him he bent his supple frame and bowed deep—deep. Suddenly aware of him, she started fiercely from the proximity.

"Out of my sight," she exclaimed with a hoarse, deep cry, "son of treachery; his blood is still upon your hands!"

The tread of her foot, curiously heavy, resounded, measured, all up the oaken stairs.

Muhammed shot one eager glance after the retreating figure, then turned abruptly and plunged into the side passage.

In the dining-room a dead little silence had fallen. Even Aspasia dared not follow her aunt. Consternation sat upon every countenance; the eye of each guest was instinctively dropped, as if dreading to betray a thought. Doctor Châtelard drew his brows together with professional gravity.

"Insane—the poor, beautiful lady?" he asked himself. "Here is a solution, *par exemple*, that even I could not have foretold!"

"I'm afraid Lady Gerardine has found our surprise party a little overwhelming," cried Lady Aspasia at last with her harsh laugh.

Young Aspasia began to sidle toward the door. Sir Arthur, rousing himself from his painful astonishment, arrested her in the act.

"No, my dear Aspasia," said he, not without dignity; "you remain here and entertain our guests. I will see to your aunt. You are right, Lady Aspasia; it was inconsiderate of me to take my wife by surprise in this way. The poor girl is quite overwrought. Never fear, my dear," he went on, again addressing his niece, in answer to her last feeble objection, "I shall find my way; the house is not so large. *Une neurasthénie, mon cher Châtelard, compliquée d'hyperésthésie,*" he added with his seraphic smile. "I do not know if your experience has brought any such cases under your notice, but, of course, you know they require careful handling."

Sir Arthur may have been a fool, and a pompous one, but long traditions leave their stamp, even on unworthy material. You may be a bad specimen of porcelain, but porcelain will remain refined clay. *Grand seigneur* in breeding, if in nothing more, Sir Arthur carried off the situation with due regard to his guests and due regard to English reserve as well as a better man. Nevertheless, no situation could be imagined more galling, perhaps, to his particular temperament. His hand on the doorknob, he made them a courtly little bow, and closed the door behind him.

"Overwrought!" commented Lady Aspasia, dilating her nostrils with an expression that made her long-featured face look more equine than ever. "Some people would call it 'high strikes,' and if you ask me I think the 'high strikes' in this case are sheer temper."

Baby sat down, looking sick and faint herself.

"The fat's in the fire now," said she in a desperate whisper to Bethune.

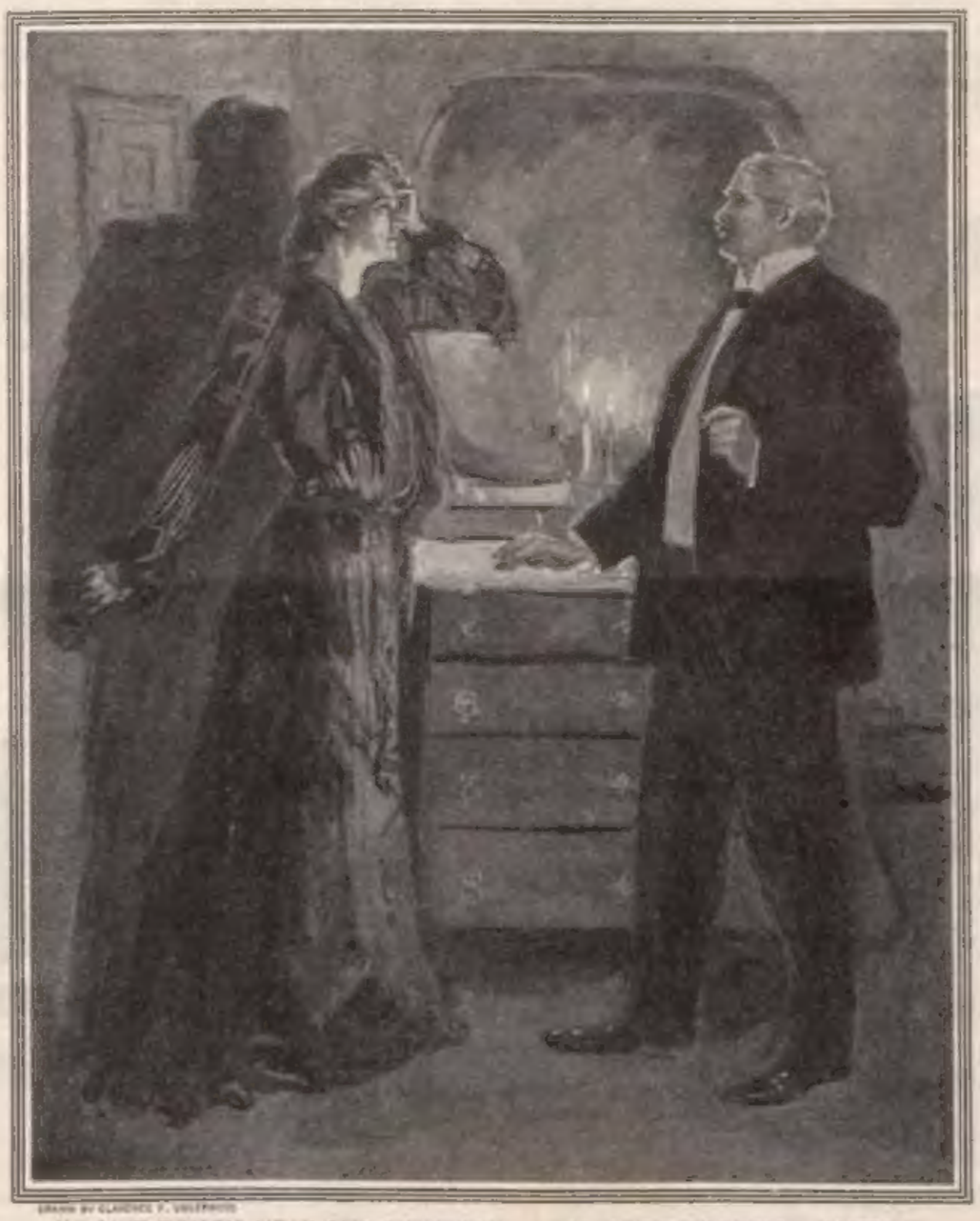
The man made no response, but, taking a nut from the dish before him, seemed exclusively interested in the task of cracking it between his fingers.

"Neurasthenia is, I fear, sadly on the increase," said M. Châtelard in a non-committal manner to Lady Aspasia.

The latter laughed again. "Neuraanonsense and hyperfiddlesticks! Poor Arty—with his careful handling. Careful handling. I should carefully handle the water-jug."

She flung an irate and contemptuous look at Bethune, who was absorbed in his nut-cracking. What sordid hole-and-corner business had this twopenny-halfpenny Indian officer been concocting with the Lieutenant-Governor's wife to account for these tantrums?

"So ill-bred," said the lady of birth to herself. "When people make these little slips at least they should have the decency not to parade them."



"DON'T TOUCH ME!" SHE SHRIEKED. "OH, YOUR HORRIBLE HANDS!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

SIR ARTHUR had, as he foretold, little difficulty in finding his wife's room; indeed, her door had been left open, and she stood directly in his line of vision as he came upstairs. A lighted candle aloft in her hand, she seemed to be examining a picture that hung on the panel immediately above her dressing-table.

He came in quickly, with his short, consequential step, and closed the door behind him. At the sound of the clicking lock she wheeled around, still holding the candle above her head. The light played upon the outstanding aureole of her hair, caught on one side the scarlet oval of her cheek, the gleam of her teeth between lips open as upon amazement. Her rapid breathing shook her as she stood; and the darkling brilliancy of her jet-flecked robe ran all about, and up and down the long lines of her limbs, as if she had been clothed in black fires.

"You said you were sick," he exclaimed tartly, "and I find you looking at a picture."

She made no reply, but stood, still holding up her light, shimmering and quivering, a thing of such extraordinary vividness and beauty, out of the half-darkness of the room, that in admiration he felt his righteous wrath once more slip from him.

"Really, my dear Rosamond," he went on in mollified tones, "you should try and have a little more self-control. I cannot imagine what Lady Aspasia must think of you. I declare any one might have thought—I don't know what they might not have thought," concluded Sir Arthur somewhat lamely.

Rosamond put down the candlestick on the table beside her, then stood clasping her hands tightly together, her head bent in the attitude of a chidden child. She was making a strong effort after her vanishing sanity. It was, perhaps, the old instinctive dread of violent emotion, or the realization that here was the crisis at last, hitherto so deliberately thrust from her thoughts, that braced her to meet the moment. It may have been, after all, the fact that it was Sir Arthur the taskmaster, not Sir Arthur the fond husband, that stood before her. However it might be, something of the sweet reasonableness that had made her so acceptable a consort to the Lieutenant-Governor all these years seemed to come back to her. She answered very gently:

"Indeed, I owe you all an apology. You will explain it to the others, will you not? I am really ill."

Ill; tut, tut! What was she feeling? Was she sick; had she a pain? had she a cough? He lit another candle to look at her. Had she taken her temperature? Where was the thermometer?

With an unutterable failing of the heart, the atmosphere of her whole life as Lady Gerardine seemed suddenly to close around her once more; the intolerable solicitude, the tyrannic fondness, the perpetual, ineluctable watchfulness, how had she endured it? But she must be calm. What was it Baby had said? "Anything would be better than a scandal." These holy walls, this consecrate house—oh, no, they should never echo the wranglings of her most unholy union!

Sir Arthur was turning over the trinkets on her dressing-table. Where *was* the thermometer?

She did not know.

Not know where the thermometer was!

"I don't think I've got one," said Lady Gerardine faintly. "But it's not fever; it's not that! Indeed, I only want rest ——"

He turned in real indignation and surprise. "Not got one?"

"Perhaps if you were to ask Aspasia——" The suggestion was coupled with a wild look at the door.

Sir Arthur laughed, not very pleasantly. One would almost have thought she wanted to get rid of him. Women were certainly incomprehensible creatures.

"You have not mislaid your pulse, I take it."

She retreated from his touch till she could retreat no farther; then, brought up by the wall, slid both her hands behind her.

"I'm not ill in that way. You know I always did hate being fussed about. Aspasia told you I had a headache. It is true, I have a headache. I only want to be alone; I only want to sleep."

Sir Arthur stood surveying her. Poor gentleman; his mind was generally in a compact and neatly labeled condition, quite ready with an adequate theory for each event of life. But to-night it was as if some one had been making hay in the tidy compartments of his brain. His ideas were positively jumbled. Scarcely did he seem to have a proper hold of one when the next would send him off at a tangent. He had come upstairs to make his wife feel how grievously she had offended his idea of decorum, and had immediately lost himself in admiration of her appearance. And now, once more, in the very midst of his real anxiety about her health, he found himself abjectly remarking what an extraordinarily beautiful woman she was.

"I'm not so sure," he said suddenly, half fondly, half irritably, "that those red cheeks are a very good sign."

He put out a finger and stroked the velvet outline. She closed her eyes and set her teeth, nerving herself against the agony of the caress.

"I left a white rose," he went on with elaborate gallantry; "I find a red one. My dear, your cheeks are certainly very hot."

That voice from the past to which Rosamond's ears had been so acutely attuned these days suddenly took up the words: "*My white rose, my red, red rose!*" As the sailor feels the raft break beneath him, she felt the last shreds of her self-control giving way under the stress of seas of passion and terror. She looked around desperately; almost, she thought, that man—that intruder—must have heard the dear voice also. Oh, sacrilege to have him standing there!

"Will you not leave me?" she cried with a burst of pleading. "I must rest. You were always kind to me—will you not leave me now? Indeed, I am in pain."

"My darling!" he exclaimed in genuine concern.

That flush was unnatural, it was evident. She had wasted away, too. He could see that. She who used to have such a noble, full throat; and her breathing came all too quick.

"Come, my darling," he went on, "let me see you to bed myself. No one, you know, can look after you but myself. I should not have trusted you away from me all this time. Come, come, we must let this hair down to ease the poor head—your golden hair, Rosamond. It is not the first time I have unbound it—eh, my love?"

"*Your golden hair, Rosamond . . .*" whispered the voice in her heart. What sort of a woman was she that another should dare use these sacred words of love to her? She fixed her piteous eyes upon Sir Arthur, as if by the sheer intensity of dread she could keep him from her. But he stretched out his arms.

She shrank, flattening herself against the wall, one arm raised across her brow as though to protect her hair.

"One would almost think you were shy—afraid of me," said he jocularly, while his embrace hovered over her.

"*Once there was fear of me in your eyes . . .*"

"Don't touch me!" she shrieked. "Oh, your horrible hands!"

There fell instantly between them the silence of the irremediable deed.

Rosamond had at last torn across the interwoven fabric of their two lives; the ugly rending sound of the parting hung in the air. These gaping edges no seam could ever join again. To the woman came a fierce realization of freedom, a sweeping anger at the petty shackles that had held her so long.

Sir Arthur stepped back, his arms falling by his side. He, poor man, felt as if the good old world, of which he was such an ornament, had suddenly ceased to be solid beneath his feet.

"Rosamond!"

"What are you doing here?" she cried in a panting whisper. "What do you want with me? How dare you come into this room?"

"Rosamond!"

"Go!" she bade him, pointing to the door. "In the name of Heaven, leave me. Merciful Heavens . . . to follow

(Continued on Page 28)

A PLAYERS' FAMINE

"BUT YOU CAN'T BRING AN AUTOMOBILE INTO A PARLOR," PROTESTS THE DRAMATIST

The Real Reason Why so Few Good Plays are Seen

By JAMES L. FORD

THE apparent decline of the American drama and the undeniable dearth of good American plays have provoked a discussion in the public prints that has brought to the surface many misleading statements and encouraged ignorance and superficiality to run riot before the popular gaze. Those who have had their say on the subject appear to divide the responsibility for existing conditions between the public, which is charged with lack of appreciation; the press, which is banded together in a giant conspiracy to destroy budding American genius; and the theatrical managers, who are guilty of "commercialism" and of persistently giving the public what it does not want.

Now the responsibility of the press—save for the persistent puffery with which it feeds the vanity of immature actors—is scarcely worth considering, and it is as absurd for the dramatist to whine when he fails to hit the public taste as for a marksman to complain because the target was in the wrong place when he fired at it. As for the "commercialism" of our managers, it is the sort of thing that it sounds well to denounce, though as a matter of fact it simply means trying to give the public what they will pay to see. I have no doubt that if I were invited to deliver an address on the stage in a fashionable drawing-room or at a woman's college my hearers would be disappointed if I did not roundly decry "commercialism"; but if I were a dramatist it would divide favor in my heart with the breath of life.

To speak seriously, "commercialism" is, in a way, absolutely essential to the proper development of the drama, inasmuch as a play cannot be properly performed except in the presence of a genuine houseful of paying spectators, and it is only by the intelligent exercise of commercial principles that these can be attracted.

Certainly no commercial manager persists in giving the public what it does not want; nor is it in the interest of "commercialism" to pay heavy royalties for new plays when for nothing may be had Shakespeare and those fine comedies that were written by Irishmen to the everlasting glory of the British drama.

The belief in a giant conspiracy—in which the iniquitous manager also takes an active hand when he is not engaged in his dread work of "commercialism"—has, I find, obtained a wide credence among laymen, and is a veritable gospel to the embryo dramatists, who declare that there are enough really good dramas in the managers' desks to keep the stage of the country supplied for many years to come. I have certainly known of several plays that rested in managerial pigeonholes for years without securing production; but as a successful drama is easily worth to its producer from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, I cannot be made to believe that such neglect on the part of a manager—and especially a commercial one—is intentional. Indeed, the principal producing manager of the country—and the one who more than all the rest has been charged with "commercialism"—has a standing offer of an extra year's salary as a bonus to whichever of his readers shall discover among the submitted manuscripts a really good play.

Now, as a matter of fact, whereas the musician or the goat is born, not made, and an umbrella or a woman's page editor is made, not born, the playwright must be both born and made, for his craft is so difficult and elusive that only a very few men and women in each generation obtain any sort of mastery over it, and then only by virtue of native genius developed by years of patient toil and hard thinking. The only exception to this rule that occurs to me now is that of Dion Boucicault, who wrote London Assurance when he was a mere boy, and, what is far more remarkable, secured a public hearing for it before he was twenty. Certainly there is not a dramatist in America who has achieved any sort of success who has not more than paid for every step in his upward progress in the coin of hard, conscientious and ofttimes disappointing work. I do not hold the guild of theatrical managers entirely blameless for existing conditions, but we must go much deeper into the matter if we would learn the real cause of the present famine in plays: a famine, by the way, which exists not only in England but also in such play-producing countries as France and Germany. It is not with other lands, however, but with our own that I am dealing now, and I am quite sure that our stage would be in a far better condition were it not for two things, namely: the incompetency of the stars for whom plays are written, and the difficulties that beset the young man of intelligence and education who desires to master the art of playwriting.

I have heard it said quite seriously that the only hope of dramatic salvation in this country lies in the development of the "actor-manager" as he exists in England, and the sophistry sounds so well that I wonder why we do not hear it oftener than we do. But, as a matter of plain fact, we are literally overrun with these "actor-managers"—we call them "stars" here—and it is to their vanity, incapacity and

THE DRAMA WHICH HE WROTE DURING HIS SOPHOMORE YEAR IS "ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE"

selfishness as much as anything else that our stage owes the condition in which it finds itself to-day.

My remarks do not apply to such of our stars as have won their places by sheer force of talent and conscientious work, but they do apply to the scores of half baked, ill trained men and women who have reached stardom through sheer notoriety and presumption and with no technical equipment save that which they have gained by a year at a dramatic academy and a few more on the road. These incompetents are all in the market for what they call plays, but what they really want are character sketches of a sort that will enable them to do the few things that they can do without revealing their wretched limitations, so that they may delude themselves, if not the public, into the belief that they are really acting. So it has come to pass that there is a greater demand for an expert dramatic cutter and fitter than for a real dramatist.

Little does the layman who has passed through an evening of boredom comprehend the manner in which that play was made to order to meet the requirements of a star artificially reared in a forcing-bed that catches the full glare of the great white light of newspaper publicity.

To take a case that is entirely imaginary, we will assume that this star was a chorus girl two years ago and owes her elevation to an exceedingly clever and graceful dance given by her in her character of a parlor-maid in the popular musical comedy called The Dining-Room Girl. On the strength of this dance a manager has arranged to star her in a play called The Scullery-Maid, and the author has come to read the manuscript to her. As he proceeds her face darkens and she calls a sudden halt.

"Surely," she says icily, "you don't expect me to make my first entrance in such a way as that? Why, they won't know I'm on the stage! I want to come on in an automobile, with a chauffeur and footman in green livery, and have the chorus all grouped in two lines to receive me. There must be music, too, to play me on."

"But this is a parlor scene," protests the dramatist. "You can't bring an automobile into a parlor."

"Well, can't you change it to a garden or a street or something? 'Impossible,' you say? Well, you must give me a better entrance than that

The dramatist resumes his reading, only to be interrupted as he is in the midst of an excellent comedy scene between the comedian and the first old woman

"This is undoubtedly very funny and clever; but where am I while all this is going on?'

"You're in your dressing-room making your change from the ball dress to the short skirts. The play's got to go on, you know, even if you're off the stage."

"Yes, and while I'm making the change you'll have this man out here clowning and making the people laugh with his monkey business, and very likely queering all the rest of the act. I should like to know whether I am the star of this piece, or Mr. Props? No, sir; that scene comes out."

When the piece is put in rehearsal the star demands that every clever line or amusing bit of business that occurs in any of the other parts shall be transferred to her, and whenever it is found impossible to do this it is cut out. On the morning after the first production the comedian gets his two weeks' notice for making the people laugh in spite of her efforts to prevent it, and the vivacious soubrette who made a distinct hit with the audience has her part cut down precisely one-half, as a punishment for her presumption; while a public that does not distinguish between player and play, and goes to the theatre for no other purpose save that of entertainment, goes away mournfully and wonders why it is that there are no good plays nowadays.

Another case—and this is by no means imaginary—is that of a young woman who has tried to assume stellar honors on the strength of some slight success in a character that was so like her own that she needed no practice or technical knowledge to play it. Early in the present season she failed in a piece written expressly for her by one of the most accomplished dramatic tailors in the country, and she is now down and out unless she can secure a play suited to what she calls her "talents."

Here is a chance for the budding American dramatist to write a play for a woman whose mastery of the art of acting is limited to an ability to wear handsome gowns in a showy and self-confident manner, and to give expression to her feelings—no matter what they may be—in a whining voice with a tremolo stop that may be turned on during the pathetic passages. I have in mind a scheme for a play that I think would suit her. In the first act she should appear as a "society woman" (a brand of stage femininity that must be played with earmarks peculiar to itself and easily recognizable by the public). Her supporting company should "work her up" from the rising of the curtain until her first entrance with such lines as

"There's only one woman in society who's as clever as that, and that is Mrs. Jack Van Hoeven."

"Where is this wonderful young widow that everybody is talking about?"

"And so Jack Van Hoeven left a young and pretty widow, did he? Well, I'd like to meet her"

"Hush! here she comes now."

(Music cue.)

Star (entering R. U. E. in a dress designed to kill every other costume on the stage, and walking down stage bowing R. and L.): "Really, I don't see why you all stare so when I come into the room—poor, plain, little me." (Throws coquettish glances about her.)

At the beginning of the second act the heroine, attired in a pink teagown and wearing the jewels recently recovered by her press agent, should lose her pug dog, thus enabling her to introduce into her voice the forlorn whine which is her chief stock-in-trade. In the third act the dog should be restored to her by her leading man, so emaciated from lack of food that he dies in her arms, thus bringing into play the tremolo stop which completes her technical equipment. Care must be taken not to allow the leading man to make a hit with the audience while restoring the dog. He may, however, play a brief love scene with her toward the close of the act in order that she may regain her former gayety and become once more the light-hearted, color-killing society woman of her first entrance.

But that which seriously stands in the way of the budding American dramatist is the fact that it is almost impossible for him to study the craft as it should be studied, and as it is quite possible for him to study any other profession that can be named. The secrets of the stage are shared by less than a score of men, so far as this country is concerned, and not one of these is going to interrupt his work for the purpose of telling a class of undergraduates what he knows about dramatic construction. Therefore the best that a young man can do is to pick up stray bits of knowledge concerning the art of play-building in haphazard fashion and make use of every chance that presents itself.

It would be difficult to name two American playwrights who have arrived at success by the same pathway. Mr. Bronson Howard was a dramatic critic before he was a playwright. Mr. Gillette began by writing plays containing characters that lay well within his own scope as an actor, and then playing them himself. In his dual capacity of dramatist and actor he has long since outgrown his early venture, The Professor, and it may be said also that as a dramatist he has left the actor far behind in the race. David Belasco began his career as an actor and stage manager, and at a very early age was the stock dramatist of a San Francisco theatre. Clyde Fitch found his opportunity very soon after his graduation from Amherst, in an invitation to travel with Mr Mansfield and work with him on the play of Beau Brummel. Paul Potter was a newspaper writer with a wide experience in the world, who approached the drama as a student. Augustus Thomas began his theatrical education in a manager's office. The late Lorimer Stoddard, the son of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet and essayist, had been brought up under fine literary influences, but he gained his practical knowledge of the stage in his capacity of actor. Brander Matthews was a college graduate who made an exhaustive study of the literature of the stage of France and England as well as of this country before he began to write plays. Bartley Campbell was a newspaper man in Pittsburg whose attention was drawn to playwriting through witnessing the tragedies of life in his capacity of reporter. George Ade was a humorist and philosopher, for which reason his work excels in dialogue and characterization rather than in intricacy of plot. The late Charles Hoyt edited a funny column in a Boston paper for many years and eventually transferred such creations of the

"POOR, PLAIN, LITTLE ME"

type as the plumber, the temperance deacon, the hotel clerk and the station agent from the columns of the newspaper to the stage. Edward Harrigan was a variety actor who combined his knowledge of song and dance, knockabout business and primitive stage effects with a keen sense for local color, the result being the very best farces of New York life that our stage has ever known. Harry B. Smith was a stenographer in a Chicago theatrical office when he began to collaborate with Reginald De Koven, who was employed in a bank in the same city. Henry Guy Carleton was the editor of Life when he began to write Victor Durand. Michael Morton first came into public notice as the winner of a newspaper prize play contest. Marguerite Merrington was a school-teacher up to the time of the writing of Letterblair. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was a writer of magazine stories which she dramatized herself.

It will be noticed that our universities of learning contribute very little to dramatic literature, although I will venture to say that there is not a college in the land that does not contain a great number of young men of intelligence, enthusiasm and genuine ability who would gladly take up the profession of playwriting with serious intent could they but obtain the necessary instruction. Let them show aptitude for any other profession—medicine, law, theology; it matters not what—and competent instructors are ready to point out and direct the very best possible course of study. But not only is there no suitable course open to the young man who desires to take up the most engrossing, subtle and difficult art of dramatic construction, but if he applies for information on the subject he is almost certain to be taught wrong by some incompetent professor.

I can quite understand that the average college president may not look with favor on a course of study in playwriting as a part of the curriculum, but I protest against the custom of permitting ignorant and incompetent teachers to fill the minds of the students with absolutely false ideas which it will be necessary for them completely to uproot before they can enjoy any success whatever.

I have in mind the case of a young friend of mine who graduated eight years ago from one of our leading universities and has been working on plays ever since. He possesses intelligence, industry, a well-trained mind, and, I am quite sure, a distinct aptitude for a calling which he loves and is anxious to follow. Had he brought the same qualities to any other profession I am certain that he would have been by this time well on his feet. But simply because he desired to be a dramatist he has not yet gained a single dollar by his eight years of work, and all because he was taught wrong at the very beginning

THE COMEDIAN GETS HIS TWO WEEKS' NOTICE FOR MAKING THE PEOPLE LAUGH

It is because of this false system of instruction that nearly every young man who leaves college with playwriting ambitions in his breast cherishes also certain absurd notions which are sure to prove an effectual bar to his success He believes that the most worthy thing that he can do is to write a play for what he calls the "intelligent few," and he affects to despise a "mere popular success." He sneers at the "rabble" that constitute a theatre audience and talks with affable self-assurance about his plans for "writing down" to it. He firmly believes that the drama which he wrote during his sophomore year has no fault save that it is "above the heads of the people." If a play which he considers fine fails he declares that the fault lies in the audience rather than in the drama itself. Now, I do not pretend to criticise the system of collegiate instruction which we prize so highly, but I venture to suggest that its purpose should be the enlightenment of the student rather than the imparting of false and absurd ideas. And, whatever are our colleges' merits in other fields, they do not teach the truth about the drama.

Certainly an instructor should compel his pupils to respect their audience and give to that "collection of human hearts" the very best that they have to give. He should show them, also, that the really great drama is one which, like The Merchant of Venice, appeals with equal force to the bootblack in the gallery and the Supreme Court judge downstairs; that the play which is "above the heads of the people" must of necessity be better than Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet, which are precisely on the level of the human heart; that the man who talks about "writing down" to an audience made up of his fellow-creatures is an ineffable snob and prig, and—most important of all—that the drama is, as the word implies, the "thing done" and not the thing written or the thing thought or the thing spoken. It ill becomes me to offer a suggestion to the faculty of an American university, but if a theatrical manager of intelligence and experience—Mr. Frohman, Mr. Belasco or Mr. Palmer, for example—were invited to address the undergraduates on the real needs of the stage, and point out to them the qualities essential to dramatic success, those young men would in one hour gain more practical and useful knowledge of the stage than by months of study under any system to be found in any college in the land.

ART AT HEART'S DESIRE

The Story of a Phonograph, a Freighter and an Operatic Star

By EMERSON HOUGH

II

MADAME Alicia Donatelli paced up and down the long room in the somewhat dismal hotel building, which constituted the main edifice of the mountain "resort" enterprise of a railway company perhaps more ambitious than practical. It was a far off corner of the world, in the heart of an unknown mountain range, beautiful of itself, yet wholly dissimilar from the accustomed standards of persons intimately concerned with the success of a grand opera tour.

This main building was built wholly of logs, as were lesser structures surrounding it. All about swept deep and abiding loneliness and silence. The pine forests were dark and tranquil, the mountains solemn and unmoved by human emotions or human ambitions, too big to be affected by these little signs of human intrusion, by these quarters intended for a public which did not come; by this little railway depot, to which the crazy track crept upward in zigzags along the mountainside. It was a strange place even as a transient dwelling, for members of a grand opera troupe.

Yet—witness the genius of Blauring, manager of this particular grand opera troupe, of which Madame Alicia Donatelli was the especial star—the members of that troupe, having arrived, could not depart, whatever might have been their preference. The railway train which brought them had left, and it did not return for several days. They were, in effect, prisoners. The arrangement was economical to Blauring, though distracting to his victims. To the latter, and to Madame Alicia Donatelli especially, El Paso seemed like a dream, San Francisco a figment of the brain, and New York a wholly imaginary spot upon some undiscovered planet, lost in the nebulous universe of space. Madame Donatelli strode up and down, and expressed entire confidence that she should go mad. She paced the uneven floor of the log hotel as some creature caged, on her face that which boded no good to the next comer, whoever he might be.

The next comer was Signor Peruchini, the tenor. Unhappy Peruchini! Upon the farther side of the door he possessed a certain assurance. On the Donatelli side of the same door his demeanor was different. He started back from the ominous threat of the Donatelli gown, swept in a half circle as its possessor confronted him. The deep cadence of the Donatelli voice, the restless Donatelli walk, now resumed, were things which might well have given a bolder man reason for reflection, if not for disappearance.

"How dare you, thing!" cried Madame Donatelli. "How dare you intrude on me? Had you no card?"

"The saints!" cried Signor Peruchini. "Ze card? Here? Who shall carry ze card? What service is zere here? Madame, what horror is zis place!"

"Ah, that Blauring!" cried Madame Donatelli in her rage. "The beast! How dare he bring us here—how could he assume to bring to this place myself, *me*" (she smote her bosom), "who have sung in the grand in the best houses of the Continent—in Italy, Paris, London, St. Petersburg! Was it not enough to fool us with promises of percentages on the Coast? Now what has come of it all? Side-tracked—lost—ruined! This is disgrace! Ah! he has planned my absolute professional ruin. I shall not survive this! I thought El Paso was the end, but this—ah, kind Heaven!"

"*Perfide!*" cried Peruchini in assent. "*Perfide!* R-r-rascal! *Cochon!* Pig unspikkable!"

Madame Donatelli wrung her hands in a fervor not surpassed in her sublimer moments on the stage. "Oh, it is too much!" she moaned. Blauring was far away—a thing most fortunate for him.

"But, madame," cried Peruchini, approaching with gestures appropriate to a tenor of the operatic stage. "Behold, madame, you have me—you have zis bear-rr-t!"

"You, you little thing!" cried big Alice Donatelli in her deepest chest tones. "Bah!" She assumed the correct attitude for this scene. Her head was drawn up, her hand was clutched upon her bosom. Proper contempt was in her glance and gesture.

"But, madame," cried Peruchini, also with gestures and intonations suitable for the scene. "Behold! It is I who love you so long—who have follow you so far! This spot it is select for hus! It is *recherché* for zis verry sing, I say to you! Ah, madame, ve har h'alone! To lofe—ah, it is divine! How can you riffuse?"

"Keep off my gown, creature!" cried Donatelli, and kicked it back into proper coil, with the instinct of long stage training. "Bah! I scorn you! You weary me! Begone!"

"BUT, MADAME," CRIED PERUCHINI, ALSO WITH GESTURES AND INTONATIONS SUITABLE FOR THE SCENE

"But, madame," cried Peruchini, "behole! Zis place, it is pripare for hus! See, look—zose mountain! Zay hold ze secret forevair. Zis house, it is for hus! Zis fire so comfortab', it is for hus! You rippine—for vy, my soul? Zis time, zis hour—ah, it is ze Heaven, madame, my angzhel, my soul, I beg——"

Madame Donatelli withdrew with proper operatic dignity. Her figure was erect, her dark eyes blazed, her bosom heaved. In every line she was the correct portraiture of the emotion at hand.

"Never!" she cried. "You have sufficiently persecuted me ere this. I bid you go. Begone!"

She stood, a beautiful picture, a magnificent feminine creature. The flare of the almost unnecessary fire in the grate made play among the many jewels which rose and fell upon a bosom tumultuous in an emotion which was not felt. Neither, perhaps, did Peruchini actually feel the despair, rage, passion whose possession he now proceeded to assert.

"Vooman, you mad meh!" he cried, rushing forward, his hands at first extended with palms upward, then clenched, his hair properly tumbled, his eyes correctly rolling. "I vill not be tentet! Your puty, it is too much! Vooman, vooman, ah, have you no harret? Py Heaven, I——"

With a swift motion he grasped her wrists. Color rose to the Donatelli cheek. Her eyes flashed. She was about to sing. She checked herself in time. "Unhand me, sir!" she cried. Her eyes glowed sombrely, her cheeks deepened in tint, her figure was flexed back into a pose which showed the perfection of its splendor. Forsooth she might have tempted an actual man—had only that man been present, and not this regular traveling suitor, whose advances had sometimes interested, sometimes amused and often vexed her. For this present moment the lack of better sport was imperative.

The two wrestled back and forth, their hands intertwined, their features contorted in emotions at least well simulated. And now the log fire, seeing the lack of better footlights, blazed up loyally to light for them this unusual stage. They did not hear the door open behind them, did not note the click of high boot heels on the floor, as there came toward them an unbidden spectator who had by some slack servant been directed to this very spot.

The door did open. In it stood Tom Osby, unannounced. He was dressed in his best, which was not quite so picturesque as his worst, but which did not disguise him or the region which was his home. His boots were new, sharp at toe and heel. His hat, now removed, was new, but wide and white. His coat was loose, and under it there was no waistcoat, neither did white collar confine his neck. Perhaps this moment found him, after all, partially unprepared in the matter of collars. That he should be found unprepared as to belt and gun was out of all question in that land.

Tom Osby in a quick gaze took in the scene before him. A little dark man was wrestling with a superb female of the most regally imperious beauty that Tom Osby had ever seen or dreamed. Tom Osby stepped one swift pace into the room. There had come to his ear the note of a rich, deep voice that brought an instant conviction. This—this was the Voice he had worshiped! This was that divine being he had heard and seen in so many sweet imaginings in the hot days and sweet, silent nights afar in the desert lands. She was assailed. She was beset. There swept over him the swift instinct for action which was a part of life in that corner of the world. In a flash his weapon leaped from its scabbard, and an unwavering, shining point covered the figure of this little dark man, now obviously guilty of sacrilege unspeakable and unforgivable.

"Let back, you feller!" cried Tom Osby. "Leggo! What you doin' there?"

Tom Osby was not trained. He had studied in no school of acting, indeed in no school of decorum. There seemed to him no occasion to apologize for intrusion. The ring of command in his voice was actual. His swift, easy step forward was of a sort that did not discompose his steady aim. The cold, gray eye under a frowning brow was one which did not waver nor expect anything except obedience. Peruchini needed but a glance. The beauty of this woman had swept upon Tom Osby as a spell, but his eye, for this present moment, was upon Peruchini alone. He glanced grimly over the silvered tip of a front sight which to Peruchini seemed a dot upon the upper edge of an aperture as large as that of an instant and imperative cannon.

"What you doin'?" cried Tom Osby again. "Break, now, and git out. This ain't right."

And that was all Tom Osby ever knew of Signor Peruchini; for the latter sprang back and away into an immediate oblivion. Tom Osby from that instant was swept on by the glory of this woman's presence. Confronting her, he stood half trembling, at once almost longing for warlike action rather than that now grown needful.

Madame Donatelli, for the first time in years jarred free from the standards of her artificial life, and so, suddenly, become woman rather than actress, fell into a seat, turning toward the newcomer a gaze of wide-eyed astonishment. She had read in certain journals wild stories of doings of wild men. Was that sort of thing actually true? After all, to be rescued—with swift reflex there came again over her the instinct of her profession. What a press notice was possible here! At this thought she became well-nigh composed. Moreover, it took but an instant for her woman's soul to discover that, whatever might be the cause of this intrusion, she herself was absolute mistress of the situation. Seeing this, she went back to stage life again.

"Sir," she said; "how dare you!" At this Tom Osby stood upon one leg.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he at length. "I didn't know anybody was in here. I just come in lookin' for somebody."

She did not answer him, but turned upon him the full glance of her deep, dark eye, studying him curiously.

"I don't live here, ma'am," resumed Tom. "I'm camped down the hill by the spring. I left my *compadre* there. I—I belong to Heart's Desire, a couple of hundred miles north of here. I—I come along in here this mornin'. They said there wasn't any one in the parlor—they said there might be some one in the parlor, though, maybe. And I was—I was—ma'am, I was lookin', I reckon—I was lookin' for *you!* Ma'am, it looks like I always been lookin' for you, for a long time."

This was direct. But what is more direct and swift to understand than the soul of a woman? In a flash Alicia Donatelli knew there was no danger to be apprehended from this man. And then, with sweet, delicious abandon, her sensuous heart leaped to the delight of an actual adventure, to the pleasure of an actual homage like this. Her color heightened. Her dark eyes once more glowed. There was honey in her voice. She had been bored for days—and rested for days, which may be much for a woman of life occupied as was hers. Never in all her life had Alicia Donatelli, once Alice Strowbridge of old Georgia, been more assured, more beautiful or more composed. She looked upon her strange new visitor with interest not devoid of curiosity. This was something which she had not seen for a long time—a man, not a singer, not a pleasure lover, not a rake nor a pretender. As she gazed there came to her heart strange and

curiously mingled emotions. Her eyes might have said a dozen things

Tom Osby laid his hat and gun upon the table, and stood with one hand against its edge. "Yes, I come down from Heart's Desire," he began again.

"From where?" broke in a low, sweet voice. "From Heart's Desire? What an exquisite name! Where is it? What is it? That sounds like Heaven," she said

"It might be, ma'am," said Tom Osby simply; "but it ain't. The water supply ain't reg'lar enough. It's just a little place up in the mountains. Heaven, ma'am, I reckon is located about a couple of hundred miles south of Heart's Desire." And he laughed so sudden and hearty a man's laugh at this that it jostled Alicia Donatelli out of all her artificiality, and set the two at once on a footing. It seemed to her that, after all, men were pretty much alike, no matter where one found them.

"Sit down," she said, ceasing to bite at her finger-tips, as was her habit when perturbed. "Tell me about Heart's Desire."

"Well, Heart's Desire, ma'am," said Tom Osby; "why, it ain't much. It's mostly men. If they knew, they'd all be right here now."

"Men? All men? Are there no women?"

"Six, ma'am; or maybe five," said Tom, after some moments of trouble with his arithmetic

"But how many men?"

"Two—three hundred, maybe, ma'am; they come and go."

"But how do you live? What do you do?"

"AND I KNOWED THAT A GEORGY GIRL, SOMEWAY, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, WOULD HAVE A SOFT SPOT IN HER HEART. I COME TO HEAR YOU SING"

"Well, now, I hadn't ever thought of that. But now you mention it, I can't say I really know. The fellers all seem to get along, somehow.

"But yourself?"

"Me? I drive a freight wagon between Las Vegas and Heart's Desire. There is stores, you know, at Heart's Desire, and a saloon. We held co't there oncet. You see, along of cattle wars and killings, for a good many years back, folks has been kind of shy of that part of the country. Most of the men easy scared, they went back home. Some stayed And it's—why, I can't rightly explain it to you, ma'am—but it's—it's Heart's Desire"

The face of the woman before him softened. "It's a beautiful name," said she. "Heart's Desire!" She said it over and over again, wistfulness in her voice. For a time she was silent. "That's a very, very sweet name," she said at length. The cadence of her tone was the measure of an irrevocable loss. "Heart's Desire!" she whispered once more to herself

"Tell me," she cried at length, arising and pacing restlessly, "what do you do at Heart's Desire?"

"Nothing," said Tom Osby. "I just told you, I reckon."

"Do you have any amusements? Is there a hall? Is there an opera house? Are there ever any entertainments?"

"Why, law! no, ma'am. There ain't a two-story house in four hundred miles, and not a two-room house in Heart's Desire. Why, them things *cost*, you know."

She threw back her head and laughed. There rose before her the picture of a primitive world, whose swift appeal clutched at her heart, saturated and sated with the banalities of unreal things

"Besides," went on Tom Osby, "if we had an op'ry house we wouldn't have no money. Why—I don't want to be imperlite, but I've heard that op'ry singers cost as high as ten dollars a night, or maybe more. We couldn't afford it."

"And have you no music?"

The plainsman hesitated, defensively "Oncet we had a singin'-school teacher," said he. "Fellow by name of Dawes come in there from Kansas and he taught music, he did. He used to sing a song called the Sword of Bunker Hill. That was his long suit. He used to have a daughter, he did, and she sung, too. Her favoright song was Rosalie, the Prairie Flower. They made quite a lot of money holdin' singin' school. The gal, she got married and moved to Tulerosa, and that broke up the singin' school. The boys didn't care for music so much after that. There ain't been any kind of show at Heart's Desire for five years. But say, ma'am," he interrupted, "about that feller that had hold of you when I come in. Did he hurt you any?"

"Well, he's always annoying me."

"Excuse me a minute, ma'am," said Tom Osby, reaching toward the table.

"Why, where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I thought I'd go shoot him," said Tom Osby.

"What? You'd ruin the company! Why, that's our leading tenor, Signor Peruchini! He's a great artist." She laughed a ripple of soft, delicious laughter. "No, don't kill him yet," she said. "We'll need him out on the Coast. Don't you know, we are on our way to the Coast? We are just here in the mountains for a little while. I think the solitude probably got on Signor Peruchini's mind. You mustn't trouble about him"

"Don't you like these mountings, ma'am?" asked Tom Osby, sinking back into his seat. "I always did. I've been all over the West, but somehow I never could get away from this country in here between Vegas an' El Paso. Now, these mountings right here always remind me of the Smokies back South"

"You came from the South?"

"Georgy, ma'am."

"Georgia!" she cried. "So did I! Friend!" she said, with sudden impulse, and, smiling, held out her hand. Tom Osby trembled as he took it

"Ma'am," said he gravely, "I'm right glad to see you. I've not been back home for a good many years. I've been all over."

"Nor have I been home," said she sadly. "I've been all over, too. But now, friend, sit down and tell me about yourself. What brought you here? Out with it! Tell me, did you want to see me?"

"Yes!" cried Tom Osby now. "That's why I come!"

"You want me to come up to Heart's Desire to sing? Ah, I wish that were not impossible."

"No, there's no one sent me," said Tom Osby. "Though, of course, the boys would do anything for you they could. What we want in Heart's Desire—why, sometimes I think it's nothing, and then, again, everything. Maybe we didn't want any music; and then, again, maybe we was just sick and pinin' for it, and didn't know it."

She looked at him intently as he bent his head, his face troubled. "Listen," said he at length, half savagely. "I'll tell you all about it. Up at Vegas I heard a funny sort of singin' machine. It had voices in it. Ma'am, it had a Voice in it. It—it sung——" he choked

"You—you heard it?" said the prima donna softly, her eyes shining moistly. He nodded

"And some of the songs?

"Plenty," said Tom Osby. And, strangely enough, in the next moment he understood the question of her eyes. She flushed like a girl as he nodded gravely. "Yes; Annie Laurie," he said.

"I am very glad," said she. "It reconciles me. No, I'm very glad, quite outside of that."

Tom Osby perhaps did not quite follow all her thoughts, but he went on

"It was Annie Laurie," said he "Yes, that was it. Ma'am, I played her all the way from Vegas down, and all the way from Heart's Desire to here."

"But why did you come!" She was cruel, but a woman must have her toll. The answer cost courage of Tom Osby

"Ma'am," said he, I won't lie to you. I just come to see *you*, or to hear you, I can't rightly *tell* which. It must have been both." Now he arose and flung out a strong hand, rudely but eloquently "Ma'am," said he. "I knowed you come from Georgy oncet, the same as me. And I knowed that a Georgy girl, someway, somewhere, somehow, would have a soft spot in her heart. I come to hear you sing."

The woman before him drew a deep, long breath. The years fell away from her as a scroll, and she was herself again

"I reckon you'll have to sing," the man went on "You'll have to sing that there song, Annie Laurie, like I done heard it more than oncet, in the ole times, befo' I went away from home."

SHE WAS CLAD IN SIMPLE WHITE—AND YES! A BLUE SASH WAS THERE

The soft Georgia speech came back to his tongue, and she followed herself, unconsciously

"Friend," said she, "it seems right long And you're right. I reckon I'll have to sing. And look, it is as you said, these mountains—they're just like the Smokies."

"You're goin' to sing for me?" said Tom Osborn. "Now!"

"Now," said Alice Strowbridge. She rose and stepped toward the piano open near the fire.

The color was full on her cheek now; the jewels glanced now above a deep bosom laboring in no counterfeit emotion. A splendid creature, sex all over, magnificent, terrible, bedecked, bejeweled—none the less, although the eyes of Alice Strowbridge shone sombrely, her hands twined together in embarrassment, as they did the first time she sang in public as a child! The very shoulders under the heavy laces caught a plaintive droop, learned in no rôle of Marguerite in any land. The red rose at her hair—the rose got from some mysterious source—half trembled. Fear, a great fear—the first stage fright known in years—swept over Alice Strowbridge, late artist, and now woman. There sat upon her soul a sense of guilt and unpreparedness for this, her Public, this man from a mysterious land called Heart's Desire—a place where men, actual men, earnest men, were living! She felt them gazing into her soul, asking how she had guarded the talents, how she had prized the jewels given to her. Half-way across the floor she stopped, her hand at her throat.

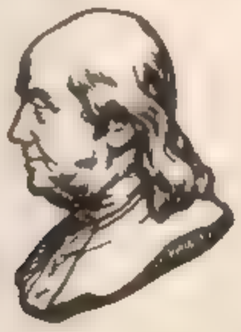
"I know this here is right funny," said Tom Osby, "for me to do this a-way. It's right embarrassin' for a lady like you to try to oblige a feller like me. But, ma'am, all I can say is the boys'll be mightily obliged to you

She flashed upon him a smile which had tears in it. With each moment they were more closely approaching a common

(Continued on Page 23)

—A DROOPING FIGURE SO DIFFERENT FROM THAT WHICH HE MENTALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE PRIMA DONNA.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

The Circulation of The Saturday Evening Post of December 24 was

734,300 Copies

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Frock-Coated Legislation

NOW comes the season of legislatures. At the National Capital, and at the capitals of most of our forty-five States, gatherings of "statesmen"—and of the sinister camp-followers of and sutlers to the lawmaking army.

Of these several thousand temporary but potent custodians of our rights, how many sit in seats bought for them by interests hostile to the public good? How many of them sit as mere registering keys of political machines, financed and controlled by those same interests? How many sit for the people rather than for party? Finally, how many sit in their own proper persons, men free and eager to do what is right?

Most of them are in parson-like frock coats—they give the legislative chambers an air of solemn, even funereal, respectability. But if they buttoned their frock coats and, without doing any lawmaking, rode home on their free passes from the railways, would we as a nation be any the worse off?

How much they will do that ought not to be done! How little that will not have to be undone!

Simple Life? Simply Talk!

WHAT is this "simple life" that we hear so much about?

Apparently it seems chiefly to consist in caustically criticising everybody who doesn't happen to live on exactly the same income and in exactly the same way that the critic chooses, or is compelled, to live. If this is so, then the "simple life" affords a new subject of conversation and so contributes to the variety and interest of life.

But he who seeks to find in it a code of manners, dress and conduct will be doomed to disappointment. For to any given person his own mode of life seems simple enough; it is only his neighbor that needs to be simplified.

How much money we do spend in supporting in talkative idleness talkers who tell us only that which we already know and don't, and never will, care enough about to practice!

Star-Chamber Government

OUR political campaigns are managed by all parties with secrecy as the basic principle. Our governments, national, state, municipal, are conducted on the same plan. Officials meet in secrecy to discuss—the public affairs! The documents of departments are carefully sealed from the public. Whenever a Congressional Committee has anything really important to discuss it closes its doors and the majority members shut out the minority.

Why?

For no good reason; often, too often, for a bad one. In international affairs we want nothing that is not justly ours and will give nothing that belongs of right to us. In home affairs we permit no public servant officially to do anything that is not lawful and in the public interest. Yet these little people in office huddle together and whisper—and the passion is growing on them. They are giving themselves the airs of masters.

Why not open the doors, *all* the doors? What is all this mystery about?

Nimble Feet, or Nimble Minds?

A FEW years ago dancing was the chief social pastime, was a "burning issue" in almost every small town and rural church circle in the country. There is still a great deal of dancing, probably actually more than ever before, but relatively far less. And there are those who point to the leaden and reluctant feet at social gatherings as proof that our old-time gayety and exuberant physical vitality are decaying.

But there is another, a more likely, reason for the present limiting of dancing to the very young. It has gone the way of all the other "pastimes" that used to be eagerly pursued by people with poorly developed minds and meagre supplies of mental food. People danced because they had little to think about and nothing to talk about. So, when they got together socially, they danced—and drank. Now that railway, telegraph and printing press have roused all but the most sluggish, even in the out-of-the-way corners, the older people talk or do other things which give employment to the brain; and only those near to the purely animal existence of childhood dance.

Of course, there are exceptions; but is not this the rule?

The Corporate Menace

THE London Spectator has decided that the goings-on of our rich men and corporations in politics and industry constitute a "menace to civilization" and warn us that we must make haste to call a halt.

True, our problem of corrupt corporate power is large, but to call it a "menace to civilization" is silly. As the Spectator itself points out, we have, in laws already upon our statute-books, ample remedy. The fact that the problem, though so new, is so well in hand shows that our "civilization" is no such flimsy affair as is imagined by the Spectator and our other foreign critics who still speak of the Republic as an "experiment." Now if with us savage abuses of concentration of power and class oppression were enacted into law and defended as just and right, as they are in England, for example, talk of a "menace of civilization" would not be so wild.

As soon as we see exactly how to reestablish equality before the law, as soon as we find remedies for our ills that will not cause worse diseases than they cure, our kind friends who have so much neglected housekeeping in their own homes will see how vain and idle is this corporate menace to democracy.

The Economics of the New Woman

WHAT is taken for progress is very often only the invention of a new name for something as old as the hills. Sappho is the prototype of what we used to call "the female poets of America," and now call magazine writers. Molière won his spurs by satirizing the "new woman," ambitious for intellectual distinction. A very real and vital difference, however, is that which Professor Simon N. Patten notes between the self-supporting girl of to-day and her no less self-supporting grandmother.

Whereas the girl of to-day goes out into the world to gain her bread, the elder dame paid her way by household industry. She made butter, raised chickens, cooked, wove clothing and carpets. Instead of disrupting the home she became one of the main supports of it. Folks married young because it was as cheap to live together as separately. They had large families because large families were the natural incident of home life, and where chores were the chief item in education, children were economically practicable.

The modern girl, no less eager than her grandmother to earn her own way, is too proud, perhaps, to become an employee in a commercial dairy, or to sew in a dressmaker's. Even if she were not, to do so would deprive her of her position at the head of her own establishment, and make the proper rearing of children impossible. Similarly, she is schooled and colleged not so much because she is brighter and more ambitious, but because the shifting of social conditions has left her no nearer and more homelike employment for her time. The new woman is so little of a woman not because she is different, but because economic conditions are different.

In effect, however, the educated, experienced modern girl is vastly different from her housekeeping grandmother of homely wit; and—in spite of all sentimentalization of the brave days of old—the difference is vastly in her favor. It is possible that she is even worth a young man's doing double work to get her and to keep her.

But there is one more thing to think of. In the upward trend of progress it is easier to gain a new point of vantage than to keep it. If the modern girl, once married, is to maintain her status in the world, to say nothing of advancing it, it can only be by passing on to another generation the advantages she receives in this. What, to her grandmother, came unconsciously and all in the course of nature she has to do in the exercise of the greater intelligence and the conscious ideals of her ampler life—perhaps at the cost of a far greater sacrifice of momentary comfort and ambition. According to the best of definitions, those things only are natural, and have a lasting place in the scheme of the world, which tend to reproduce themselves.

The Law's Seamy Side

IT IS impossible to deny that our statistics of crime, and of the growth of crime, in the United States are appalling—crimes against life, crimes against property, crimes against public rights. And no doubt this state of affairs is in part due to the lax enforcement of law and to the resulting growth of the lawless spirit. But to stop there would be to leave the root of this ugly menace untouched.

A chief cause of our lawlessness is the law itself—statute-books filled with tricky, subtly worded laws deliberately designed to enable lawyers to safeguard criminals of all degrees and kinds in assaults upon order and justice. And who is responsible for this? Who made these laws? The answer must be the legal profession, the 115,000 lawyers, many of whom pocket the fat fees of the criminal class from trust baron to thug and thief. These lawyers are on the bench, have a monopoly of the judicial positions; they dominate the legislatures in direct membership; they draw every crooked law, they invent every "joker," they dig every legal pitfall, they set every legal trap.

One of the chief activities of some eminent members of the profession is promoting and protecting corporate crimes; these "shining lights" have no right to look down on the humbler activities of their less distinguished fellows in fostering and shielding the lower orders of crime.

Upon the legal profession rest, in a large measure, the responsibility and the shame for the deplorable conditions. It is the duty of every American to do what he can to remedy these conditions. But what can the rest of us do while so many of the sworn and official guardians of the temple of justice are traffickers in injustice, panders and procurers to the criminal?

Old Dogs and New Tricks

THERE has been much and savage criticism of the tendency among employers, both individual and corporate, to fix an age limit for employees—a maximum age at which they will take any one into their service. But the most of this criticism has been as intemperate as it has been unjust.

A German scientist announces, with plausibility, that on the average a human being stops his mental growth at almost thirty! How many years after a man has said, "I will learn no more; I know enough," would you say he would become absolutely useless, even though, through kindness of heart, his employer does not discharge him? On the other hand, for the man who keeps alive and keeps growing, what possible fear can there be of any age-limit regulation?

Any man who is an illustration of the proverb, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," is likely to be fierce on the subject of age limits. Any man who awakens each morning with young enthusiasm and interest will not be likely to insist that business enterprises should be charitable institutions for persons who decide that any old way is a poor way to do their work.

Wall Street Wind

MANY are coming forward and announcing in their deepest chest tones that they purpose to abolish what is popularly called "frenzied finance." And each gets a hearty round of cheers. But "frenzied finance" goes on unabolished.

The reason is that it, like so many of our great national "problems," is a "local issue." It is local to each individual who has had the industry to accumulate money for investment. Every man can abolish "frenzied finance" for himself—and that is the matter of prime importance to him. The way to abolish it is simple—don't invest your hard-earned money in Wall Street wind.

Since the beginning, the wise and good have labored to devise ways and means of saving the fool from his folly, the ignoramus from his ignorance. They are to-day just where they were when they started. Such progress as the world has made has been wholly in the direction of abolishing the fool and the ignoramus. A Herculean task, but necessary—and inviting. For it calls every man to labor in the field fenced by his own cranium.

Adulterated Foods and Drinks

How the Government's "Poison Squad" Has Demonstrated the Curse of the Consumer

BY H. W. WILEY, M. D.
Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry

THE investigations in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture relative to the adulteration of foods have now been in progress nearly twenty years. It might be well in this connection to state the causes which led to these investigations. The two most important factors which were active in inaugurating studies of this kind were the very general use of glucose in the adulteration of honey and the selling of oleomargarine for butter

It is now about thirty-five years since the manufacture of glucose—that is, the sugar derived from starch by heating the starch with an acid—came into prominence commercially. Before that time glucose had been made, but it had not reached any commercial magnitude

One of the first uses of a reprehensible kind to which glucose was devoted was the substitution of it for honey. Glucose has a physical composition somewhat similar to that of honey, being a thick syrup almost or quite colorless, and it lends itself readily to imitations of this kind. Of itself it is not sweet enough to pass for honey, but, when mixed with a small quantity of dissolved sugar and a sufficient amount of honey to impart the honey flavor, it makes an imitation honey well calculated to deceive

About the same time that glucose became commercially important the manufacture of oleomargarine also assumed a magnitude which threatened to a certain extent to force real butter off the market. Oleomargarine was as easily made to imitate butter as glucose was to imitate honey. The addition of a proper coloring matter, the churning of oleomargarine with milk or cream, and the addition of a small quantity of genuine butter enabled the manufacturer completely to deceive the purchaser in regard to the character of the product

The Bureau of Chemistry was, therefore, led to make investigations of these forms of adulteration and to extend its work to others which were accidentally discovered or which were commonly known. The principal results of this long-continued work have been published as parts of a bulletin—No. 13—entitled Foods and Food Adulterants.

Among the general subjects which have been treated in these investigations, and which have been published as parts of this bulletin, may be mentioned dairy products; lard and its substitutes; fermented beverages, especially beer and wine; condimental substances such as pepper, spices, cereal products, canned goods—including both vegetables and meats; sugars and syrups—including honey; baking powders, teas, coffee and cocoa preparations. In all, ten parts of the bulletin have been published and one or two more are planned and partially finished.

Few Articles Go Unpoisoned

THE progress of this work led to the most surprising revelations respecting the vast extent and character of food adulteration. It was seen that there was scarcely any article of food which had not been more or less tampered with for improper purposes—for it must be admitted, it seems to me, that all adulteration of food products is improper. The data obtained revealed the fact that food adulteration was generally accomplished in one of the following ways:

First, the abstraction of some valuable ingredient with or without the substitution of a less valuable material. An illustration of this form of adulteration is seen in the partial skimming of milk and selling the product as "whole milk"

Second, the addition of an ingredient to a food product for the purpose of increasing its bulk with a less costly ingredient An illustration of this is seen in the practice of adding water to milk

Third, the imitation of a food product by the use of a substance entirely different in its nature and properties. This form of adulteration is seen in the substitution of oleomargarine for butter, of glucose for honey, and melted sugar for maple syrup.

Fourth, the coloring of a food product so as to make it appear of a better quality than it really is, or at least to induce the consumer to regard it as more valuable. This form of adulteration is illustrated by the coloring of white butter so as to make it a deep yellow; by the addition of aniline dyes to colored mixtures to make them resemble the natural color of fruit, as in the manufacture of artificial jams, jellies and marmalades; and the addition of sulphate of copper to green peas and beans

Fifth, the addition to a food product of a chemical antiseptic having, in the quantity used, no perceptible taste or odor, and thus not revealing itself in any way to the consumer. This form of adulteration is seen in the very common use of such chemical antiseptics as salicylic acid and its compounds, borax and boric acid, sulphurous acid and its compounds, benzoic acid and its compounds, formaldehyde, fluorides and other substances. The addition of such antiseptics to foods tends to preserve them from decay.

Salicylic acid is used chiefly in beverages such as beer, wine, cider, etc.; sulphurous acid is used largely in the preparation of fruits for desiccation, and especially in the preservation of wine, where large quantities are often employed, as in white wines; benzoic acid is used extensively in meats and vegetables; borax and boric acid are used in oysters, meats, sausages, butter and milk; and, finally, formaldehyde is used chiefly in milk and cream.

Then there is the misbranding of a food package, either in respect of the country or place where made or the contents of the package. This form of adulteration is illustrated by the labeling of maple syrup made in other States as pure Vermont maple syrup; by labeling brands of olive oil not made at or near Lucca as Lucca olive oil.

It is held by the highest legal authorities that the use of the name of a pure product where the package contains a mixed product is also misbranding; as, for instance, labeling a package maple syrup if it contains some maple syrup mixed with glucose or melted sugar, and calling a material strawberry jam if it contains some strawberries mixed with glucose, preserved with salicylic acid and colored with an aniline dye. These instances may be regarded as types of misbranding.

The question of the use of bodies injurious to health has been one of the most interesting studies in the Bureau of Chemistry. The wide divergence of opinion of experts in regard to the injurious effects of chemical antiseptics and coloring matters led to the establishment of that series of experiments which is now in its third year, to determine by food tests the effect of antiseptics and colors upon health and digestion. The young men who volunteered to have these tests made upon them have been dignified pretty generally by the public press as "the poison squad."

The necessity of such an experimental demonstration by disinterested parties is evident. When the reports of many experts are studied and the causes which led to the inauguration of their investigations ascertained, it is found that in some cases they have been employed by clients either in favor of or opposed to the use of certain preservative substances. No matter how accurate an experiment may be, or how careful the researches of the expert, reports issued under such auspices are apt to be somewhat biased. It was therefore believed that an independent line of investigation undertaken by the Government, without bias, and in no one's interest save that of truth, might be productive of results which, while they might not be any more accurately ascertained or worthy of confidence than those above mentioned, would at least be free of the objections already referred to.

The data which have been obtained in this way in regard to borax and boric acid show that even in small quantities

THE POISON SQUAD AT TABLE

equal to seven and one half grains (one-half gram) per day, when the administration is continued for a long time—in one instance fifty days—injurious effects are produced. The subject loses to a certain extent his appetite, his weight is diminished, and a feeling of distress in the region of the stomach and often in the head is established

When large quantities are given these symptoms become accentuated and appear in a few days instead of after a long period of time. Similar experiments have been conducted with salicylic acid, sulphurous acid, benzoic acid and formaldehyde. While all the chemical data in regard to these experiments have not yet been tabulated and studied, it is evident that the bodies above named certainly cannot be regarded as healthful.

There seems to be a wrong attitude in the minds of some concerning the use of such foreign substances in food products. There can be no excuse for the addition of such bodies to food unless some positive benefit is derived. It is well known that food can be preserved without these chemical antiseptics either by desiccation, by sterilization, by pickling in brine, or by subjection to the joint action of salt and wood smoke. These preservatives are condimental in their nature and reveal themselves at once to the consumer. Sugar, another condimental substance and also a food, is also successfully employed as a preservative Moreover, chemical antiseptics are, I believe, without exception, recognized as standard remedies in the pharmacopœia; in other words, they are drugs and as such should be administered upon the advice of a physician. The constant use of drugs, especially if their presence is not known, can only be regarded as a menace to health. The acquiring of the drug habit should be studiously avoided

It cannot be properly said that these chemical antiseptics are poisonous in the ordinary sense of that term, and yet it appears that they do eventually exercise an injurious effect upon health and digestion. The excuse that they are used in small quantities is not a logical one, because the use of a small quantity of an injurious substance is no more a justification than the theft of a penny would be an excuse for the criminal

What may a housewife expect who goes into a store where no food regulations, national, state or municipal, exist? If she asks for butter she may get oleomargarine or renovated butter; for honey, glucose or a mixture thereof; for pepper, an article adulterated by the addition of starch and ground shells; for jelly, some fruit-juice usually derived from apple cores and skins rejected in drying, mixed with glucose, preserved with salicylic acid and colored with some sort of aniline dye.

Poison by the Pound

THE peas or beans may contain—especially if they are very green—considerable quantities of that poisonous substance, sulphate of copper; the prepared meat or sausage, boric acid and usually some coloring matter to intensify the real color of the meat; the codfish may be preserved with boric acid instead of old-fashioned common salt; the sardines purporting to be of French origin may have been caught off the coast of Maine, and instead of being packed in olive oil, as one would expect, are often packed in cottonseed oil. She may get tub oysters highly dosed with borax; milk and cream containing formaldehyde; butter artificially colored, maple molasses made of glucose and melted brown sugar, olive oil that is wholly cottonseed oil or mixed with cotton seed, peanut or sesame oil; white wine almost saturated with sulphurous acid; red wine made partly of sugar and not wholly of the juice of the grape; Mocha and Java coffee from Brazil yet bearing the false name; cream made of milk thickened with viscogen and artificially colored; and so on down the list

Very often it has been found that whenever it has been proposed to require correct labeling of food products the manufacturer and the dealer object. They say: "If you require us to place upon our labels the identical contents of a package people will not buy it." This is a confession on their part that their whole trade rests primarily on a foundation of deception. But I must say, in justice to the manufacturer and dealer, that the attitude above described is rapidly passing away. Ten years ago it was almost a universal opinion; now many manufacturers of food products are voluntarily discarding all artificial colors and nearly all forms of preservatives.

The
Wing Piano

The Book
of Complete
Information
about
Pianos

You need this book IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A PIANO. A Book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship, and finish. It describes the materials used, gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 large pages, and is named **"The Book of Complete Information about Pianos."** We send it free to any one wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

WING PIANOS
ARE SOLD DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY
— AND IN NO OTHER WAY

When you buy a WING PIANO, you buy at wholesale. You pay the actual cost of making it with only our wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano as many people do—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses; you pay his profit and you pay the commission or salary of the agents or salesmen he employs.

The retail profit on a piano is never less than $75; often it is as much as $200. This is what you save by buying a WING PIANO direct from the factory. Isn't it worth saving?

Our plan of selling is not an experiment but a great success. **In 37 years, over 40,000 WING PIANOS have been manufactured and sold.** They are recommended by seven Governors of States; by musical colleges and schools; by prominent orchestra leaders; music teachers and musicians.

Every WING PIANO is guaranteed for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material

SENT ON TRIAL
WE PAY FREIGHT
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We will place a WING PIANO in any home in the United States on trial without asking for any advance payment or deposit. We pay the freight and other charges in advance. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing and are under no more obligations to keep the piano than if you were examining at our factory. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you. Old instruments taken in exchange
SMALL, EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Instrumental Attachment
imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano.

WING ORGANS
are made with the same care and sold in the same way as WING PIANOS. Separate organ catalogue sent on request.

Send a Postal Today
just giving your name and address, and the valuable book of information, also full particulars about the WING PIANO, with prices, terms of payment, etc., will be sent to you promptly by mail

Wing & Son, 352-365 W. 13th St., New York
1868—37th Year—1905

HOW TO TRAVEL

A Master-Wanderer's Primer in the Art

By BURTON HOLMES

IN THE course of more than 100,000 miles of foreign travel and constant meeting with American travelers of "all sorts and conditions," I have frequently been seized with a desire to indulge that very human, and generally very disagreeable, inclination to give advice. If one must give advice, undoubtedly the most considerate way of doing so is by use of the printed page, where the victim may escape without rudeness from an unwelcome infliction of the wisdom of others. Although I have, somehow, always contrived to restrain myself from offering oral advice to wayfaring tourists who seemed to me to be doing the thing at a pitiable disadvantage, I cannot deny myself this opportunity to present to the future traveling public something of the fruits of my own experience as a wanderer in foreign lands.

To my mind, the traveling public naturally groups itself into three grand divisions: the sight-seeing class; the shopping class; the motoring and dining class.

This may at first appear a very crude and undiscriminating classification; but the logic of its lines of division will, I think, become more apparent as the number of one's seasons abroad increases to that point which marks one as a chronic traveler—or, as some put it, "an automatic tourist."

Travelers who come under my first classification are unquestionably those who take the least with them and return most richly laden. They set out upon their journeys with purses almost as lean as those carried by the early disciples who were sent forth to preach the Gospel to "the ends of the earth," but the travel-appetite of these humbler tourists is so keen that the very beggars on the streets of foreign cities furnish them, unwittingly, with feasts of satisfaction

Of this class are those who idealize the joys and the benefits of travel, who toil and save and sacrifice in order to taste the pleasures of actually seeing lands which have long seemed to them almost as remote, unattainable and beatific as Paradise itself. Every self-denial and sacrifice placed on the travel-altar, every moment of blissful dreaming and anticipation, every fear that some cruel and mocking fate may intervene at the last moment, and snatch from them the supreme joy of realizing these efforts and dreams—all these elements enter into the ultimate harvest of satisfaction gathered by the traveler of small means and of large capacity for the delights of travel when once he attains the end of his ambition and gazes upon the historic "sights" which have filled his hours of study and of waiting

The Question of Expenditure

Occasionally I am asked by some person having a consuming eagerness to see the great things of the Old World: "Don't you think it a mistake for me to attempt foreign travel unless I have sufficient means to do so without being haunted by the hateful phantom of economy?"

And always, when this question comes up, I reply by relating the most American and the most significant travel incident illustrating this point that ever came within my experience or observation.

One evening, in Paris, shortly after the opening of the Exposition, I proposed to a friend from Detroit, in whose apartments we were sitting, that we spend the evening at the theatre.

"No," he answered; "I must stay here to receive a plucky Detroit boy who is making his way in this direction and is very likely to show up in the course of the evening. He was a reporter on one of our local papers, but the travel germ suddenly took possession of him and he started off with barely enough money to land him at Liverpool However, he's got more grit than a grindstone, and I never yet knew him to be in so tight a place that he couldn't dig out with his own hands. A friend of mine who just came on from Dieppe happened to meet him and, learning that he hailed from Detroit, told me about him. I figure that he's about due here to-night, and I wouldn't like to be out when he comes. You know how friendly the face of even a chance acquaintance seems to a fellow far from home in a strange land"

Late in the evening, sure enough, the valet ushered the young man into the room. We asked him how he had made his way from Dieppe

"On the Declaration of Independence and an American bicycle," was his quick and willing answer

"I can see where the bicycle came in," responded my host, "but the Declaration of Independence is a figure of speech a little beyond me in this connection."

"No figure of speech about it," returned the young tourist. "Just a literal statement of the facts in the case. It does sound decidedly fishy on the face of it, I confess, but to my mind it demonstrates that the Declaration is the greatest document on earth"

"I've heard some tall Fourth of July stories," said my friend, "from political orators back home, but this beats them all Suppose you give us the story in your own way."

Well, then," answered the newspaper man, "here goes. Let me start out with the plain statement that I came from Dieppe to Paris without the expenditure of a sou, that I had all I needed or wished for in the way of food; lodging was also furnished me; and I paid the whole score by reciting the Declaration of Independence. When I was a kid in school the great effort of Mr. Jefferson, John Hancock *et al.* was my star stunt—and my only one! Never did acquire another accomplishment of any sort."

Jollying the Natives

"After trying to buy food with English money I realized that it was up to me to give those peasants something that would serve as a substitute for the coin of the realm and open up the jars of the family larder What sort of an entertainment *could* I put up, anyway? I went over the list in my mind: Dance? Whistle? Sing? Do tricks? No! But there was my old stronghold, the Declaration of Independence! The absurdity of the idea made me laugh. 'Try it, anyhow,' something seemed to say to me.

"And try it I did! I was astonished at the results. Perhaps it was because I put a sort of Marseillaise twist into it, but the peasants grinned and chattered with delight. I bowed and then intimated, by gestures, that a little food would come in handy. This suggestion was received cheerfully, and while I feasted on eggs, cheese, bread and milk, the neighbors were sent for to listen to a repetition of my one effort

I like the Declaration of Independence all right, and was proud of the hit that it made; but when it came to repeating it fully ten times and giving it the most tragic rendering possible—why, I'd rather have another piece or two in my repertoire, just for the sake of variety. Anyhow, it proved to me that if a fellow's determined to travel, and doesn't mind a little inconvenience and adventure, he can make his way almost anywhere with precious little money. Time and ingenuity will take the place of a bank account"

Here is the whole philosophy of inexpensive travel: If you must hasten you must spend money; if you have time for deliberateness of movement you may see much at small pecuniary cost

Another question often asked me is this What is the best preparation for a tour of foreign sight-seeing? The answer must always depend upon the individuality of the questioner. Personally I like the jolts of surprise, and consequently I reverse the usual order of things and do the major part of my study after I return. Possibly this is a little overstating the radicalness of my method, but certainly I do not indulge in a course of "advance study" so thorough and comprehensive as to fit me for the position of professional guide. On the other hand, take from most travelers of the class which must economize the delights of preparatory study and research and you rob them of the richest joy of the journey. Your studious traveler often puts to shame, in the matter of his knowledge of "sights," the seasoned and

Special Opportunity

It's unusual sometimes happens—[illegible] Their stocks are ours at great concessions in price

Our customers are to have the benefits—we have placed all these very desirable materials in our [illegible] Jackets made of these special fabrics. The stock consists of cheviots, homespuns, tweeds, etc., as well as the lighter weight serges, mohairs and novelty suitings.

The variety is big, but we could obtain [illegible]

If you want a bargain write to-day for catalogue and special samples.

Tailor-Made Suits	$8 to $35
Skirts	$4 to $15
Waists and Jackets	$7 to $35
Rain Coats	$12 to $30

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS
of Silk, Mohair, Broadcloth, Serge and Cheviot, made to [illegible]

Mohair Shirt-Waist Suits	$8 up
Cloth Shirt-Waist Suits	$6 up
Silk Shirt-Waist Suits	$12 up

Special Shirt-Waist Suit Supplement showing latest styles, with samples of materials, on request. *It will pay for it.*

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES

WE SEND FREE to any part of the U. S. our Fashion Book, showing the latest New York styles, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and complete directions for taking measurements correctly WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU If we fail to please you we refund your money Mention whether samples are for suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat, and colors desired.

Write for Catalogue and Samples to-day.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Mail Orders only. No Agents or Branches. Est 16 yrs

Would you have your business stationery stand out and represent your individuality? Then it must be *different*, as you yourself are different from other men.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND
"Look for the Water Mark"

is the paper that offers unlimited possibilities for individual treatment. *Write on your letter-head* for the Book of Specimens.

Hampshire Paper Co.
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

Black Satin in Cans

The Perfect Stove Polish

Patented in U.S. and Canada

The only [illegible], non-explosive oil polish in the world. A liquid that enamels all iron a [illegible] turned off, no dust or odor, [illegible] never spoils or freezes. Black Satin is the most [illegible] never used anyth[illegible] 25c, or from factory by m[illegible] 35c Sample can by mail 25c.

BLACK SATIN POLISH CO.
Room 542, 107 Chambers St., New York City

Send us the name of a grocer who does not handle

Towle's Log Cabin "Camp" Maple Syrup

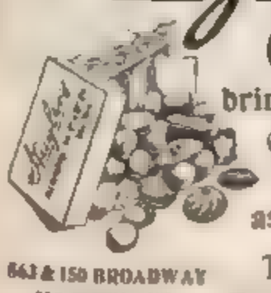
and we will send you this handsome silver and gold plated Souvenir Spoon for five 2c. stamps. Towle's Log Cabin Syrups were awarded the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition, and are known everywhere for their purity and richness of flavor.

Do not put it off—go to your grocer today. If he does not handle Log Cabin "Camp" Maple, send us his name. If he does, get a can—there's a tag on every can that tells you another easy way to get the spoon.

Write for book of candy recipes and desserts "From Camp to Table," free on request.

Towle Maple Syrup Co.
60 Custer Street St. Paul, Minn.
Makers of Towle's Log Cabin Pancake Flour. Ask for it.

The bottom layer of a box of Huyler's CANDIES brings forth as many delicious morsels and surprises as the top layer.



The Goodness, Freshness & Purity is the same all through.

643 & 150 BROADWAY
506 FIFTH AVE.
21 W. 42nd ST.
NEW YORK

Branches in Principal Cities.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

Earn With Safety 5%

This is a fair rate to receive [illegible] Your savings invested [illegible] Per Annum

Endorsed by the most conservative authorities upon investments

[illegible] per annum [illegible]

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

Industrial Savings & Loan Co
[illegible] Broadway New York

[illegible] globe-trotter I recall that at Dublin I once encountered a "tourist traveler who was the picture of dejection

"Just think of it," he exclaimed, "here I am at Dublin—after all these years of longing and saving—only to find that the library is closed and I am shut out from seeing the greatest illuminated manuscript in the world

"What is that?" I asked

"Why, the Book of Kells, of course," he answered. "I've counted so much on seeing that. But I must go on with the party before the library is reopened—and regret it to the end of my life."

There were no surprises along the journey for this man; he was marvelously "posted" on all the attractions; for him to have traveled without cramming his mind full of information would have been a dispositional impossibility. I could not have done the thing [illegible] that way, although I would not, of course, enter any place without a fair idea of its best things. Then, on returning, I would look up the historical associations of those things which most interested me—living over again the delights of my journey.

One thing is certain: that travelers having the least money and the most leisure get the most out of it, get closest to the soil, and bring back with them something besides "that tired feeling," that "exposition sensation." Travelers who have only comfortable means and no necessity for stringent economies, on the one hand, and, on the other, not being able to indulge in lavish expenditures, rank next to the distinctly "poor" in the satisfaction secured in foreign travel. Many of this second class are persons of culture and taste who really care for the things to be seen on a foreign trip. But as a general thing, however, I am inclined to believe that they find their chief pleasure in being able to say: "Yes, we spent the winter in Florence," or "The Kentons? Delightful people! We saw much of them in Paris"—or in making other allusions to incidents to their seasons abroad calculated to impress their hearers and emphasize their worldly experience and social privileges. Receiving letters from home, meeting friends from home, writing letters and sending souvenir postcards "back home," buying gifts and remembrances to be carried home—all these things give the average middle-class traveler his keenest pleasures.

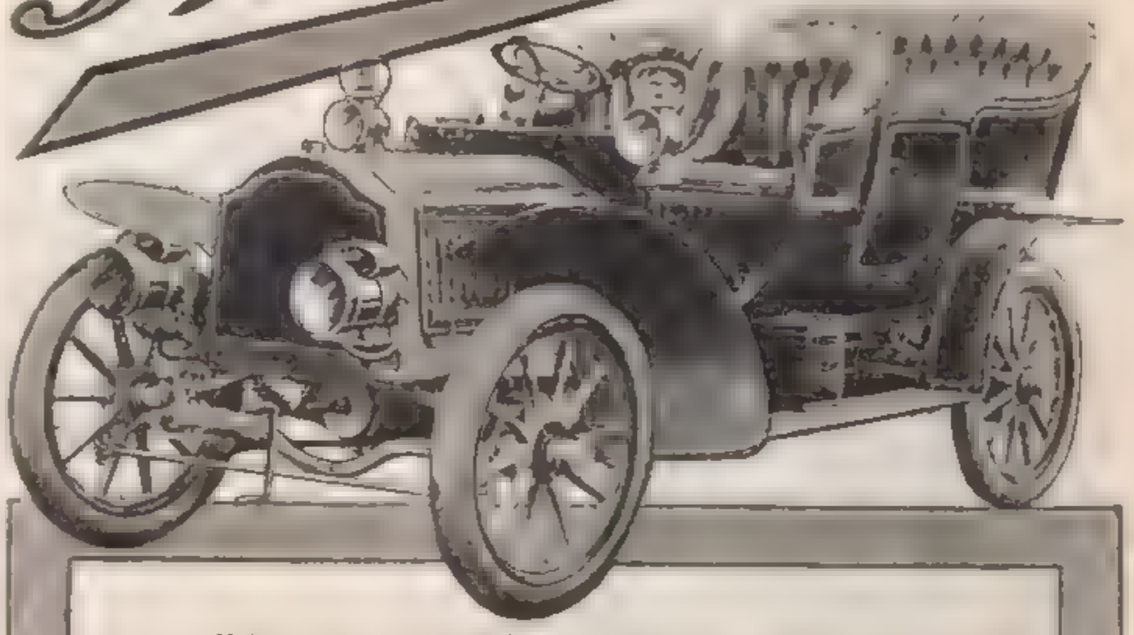
It is characteristic of this class that its members are sensitive on the score of doing everything according to "first class" standards. They are prone to feel that the words "second class" carry a social stigma. This mistaken notion—and I confess that I speak from experience—often leads them to miss the rarest and finest pleasures of travel and also to make themselves somewhat absurd in the eyes of the sensible European who do not despise the economies and the comforts of second-class travel.

Very recently I faced a temptation common to this class of travelers. We were going to "do" Ireland, and the question confronted us: "Shall we attempt to travel by motor car and cover the whole of St. Patrick's kingdom, or shall we restrict our migrations to the most picturesque portions and get close to the bogs by bumping along on a typical Irish jaunting-car?" We chose the latter method, and after our jaunting-car journey was over I realized that any other mode of travel would have failed to do what the jaunting-car did: take us close to the very heart of Ireland! Had we gone by automobile or even by coach we would not have heard a natural expression from the lips of a native, whereas, bumping along in the jaunting-car, we heard scores of them.

Of all American travelers who deserve our pity I think the very rich are most to be pitied, because they so utterly fail to get the wealth of impressions which await the appreciative eye everywhere in the Old World. And [illegible] of these rich and lasting impressions of things beautiful they bring with them, too often, a froth which they would be better off without. It is my observation that [illegible] American in Europe [illegible] France [illegible] New York.

There is an old and somewhat vulgar expression which aptly describes the thing that many Americans of great and sudden wealth attempt: they try to "astonish the natives" by absurdly lavish and spectacular expenditures. This is the kind of thing which shames the American traveler possessed of common-sense. It is not the "poor" tourist whose acts reflect unpleasantly on his country. Generally this individual wins the admiration of "the natives" by his grit, his resourcefulness, his good nature and his intelligence

Packard



Winner of the Grand Prize, World's Fair, St. Louis

The four-cylinder Packard will run more miles without the need of adjustment and with fewer repairs than any other motor car made.

Nothing created by man has ever equaled the performance of the standard Packard car, which on August 6th to 8th ran 1,000 miles without a single motor stop at a sustained speed of over 33½ miles per hour. Instead of needing repairs the car ran better at the finish than when the trial was started.

Since the completion of the test this particular car, without the slightest attention from the factory, has had over five thousand miles of road driving with surprising track demonstrations at Buffalo, Long Branch, Providence and Philadelphia, and proved most conclusively that not only is its design right but that the materials and methods used in its manufacture have successfully solved the motor car problem.

A finely illustrated book containing complete particulars of this test, as well as full details regarding the double side entrance Model N car (Price with standard equipment $3,500, f. o. b. factory), will be promptly mailed on application.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., Dept. E

Member of A. L. A. M. New York Branch 1540 Broadway Detroit, Mich.

For Soups, Sauces, Savory Sundries and Beef Tea

SECURE A DOZEN OF the FAMOUS CUDAHY BOUILLON SPOONS

DO NOT confuse these Artistic A 1 Silver Plated Spoons with ordinary offers. They are made in the most approved [illegible] because they are heavier plate than "triple" and of French Gray Finish and bear no advertising [illegible] kind. Made by Wm [illegible] known all over the [illegible] Read offer below

How to Secure the Spoons

For each spoon desired send a metal cap from a [illegible] Rex Brand Beef Extract [illegible] coupon to cover mailing expense and mention this publication.

Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract is sold by all druggists and grocers. Address

THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY
Beef Extract Dept. S, South Omaha, Nebraska

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria

Knapp-Felt

Hats for Men

If experience counts for anything, C. & K. hats are invincible.

Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hats are the result of fifty years' search for the best. Write for "The Hatman."

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO
840 Broadway, New York

No fun like collecting! Start to-day! Big list and 100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS SENT FOR 4 CTS. Includes Japan, many others. Approval sheets also sent. [illegible]
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9 E Brookfield St., BOSTON

Buying Business Supplies—By M. Martin Kallman

The Work for an "All-Round Man" Who Knows That Cheapness Isn't Always Economy

THE purchasing department of the modern business house is ordinarily one of its most loosely organized and blindly conducted departments To a scandalous extent purchasing agents are influenced by improper and dishonest considerations. No other department is so tainted by "business graft" as this—a condition which does not imply that the purchasing agent is naturally more dishonest than the other officers in the house organization, but that he is subjected to far greater temptation. On the other hand, there are thousands of purchasing agents whose integrity has stood the test of hot and steady fire—and who are still far short, in point of efficiency, of what they should be, their inefficiency being less the result of their own shortcomings than of defects inherent in the general system under which they do their work

Consider the nature of the demands made upon the purchasing agent of a fairly large commercial house or industrial concern. He is required to buy everything in the nature of supplies from a paper of pins to a trainload of coal—and that is putting it mildly, for in some instances the coal bought by one purchasing agent equals the entire output of a mine. The variety and diversity of the articles which he must procure is simply astonishing, and yet he is supposed to have a knowledge of all these articles that will enable him to buy them "closely" and economically—a supposition which is one of the weakest points of the system as it is commonly conducted

Any system involves a certain degree of red-tape; that cannot be avoided. Consequently, in any business organization not of the most elemental kind it is necessary for the main executive officials to get an idea of the results attained and the progress made by their subordinates through the agency of the "comparative statement." Very often, however, the comparative statement shows only the surface indications, is but skin deep, and does not get down to the real facts or reveal them to the official for whose eye the statement is prepared. I am forced to the conclusion that in few, if any, departments of the modern business organization is the comparative statement or report more superficial and misleading than in the purchasing department

Why is this so? Because, inevitably and unconsciously, the purchasing agent comes to feel that his superior will mainly judge of his work in the matter of "close prices," of "inside buying." When once this idea gets possession of the purchasing agent his ambition is centred in making a showing for buying all of his supplies at less than the ruling market price. He wishes his comparative statement to show that every item purchased was bought at a price lower than the ruling price, and lower than his competitors might naturally be expected to pay.

How Cheapness Outbids Quality

His tendency to attach an exaggerated importance to this difference in price regardless of the total amount actually "saved" naturally increases with time, becomes a settled habit, and leads him into two grave errors overbuying, in order to get a lower quantity price, and a lowering of his quality standards He becomes willing to have the quality of supplies shaded down to permit him to make a more impressive showing on the score of low prices

The items of printing and stationery illustrate admirably the vice of overbuying. The purchasing agent gets a requisition for, say 10,000 blanks of a certain kind, and calls in the representative of the printing house for figures on the bill. The solicitor, if he is a good one and up to the tricks of the trade, will do a little calculating like this:

"Can't give them to you at less than five dollars at that quantity. Take 25,000, and I can put them down to three dollars and forty-seven cents."

The difference in price is impressive; it will look well on his report, and so the purchasing agent orders 15,000 more than the requisition calls for, or else he has the requisition changed

And what is the result? Simply this by the time two-fifths of the blanks are used the "form" must be changed, and 15,000 are so much waste paper

The same thing occurs in buying almost every other kind of supplies. The purchasing agent does not have a sound idea of the quantity of a certain article that should be bought—very likely it is next to impossible for him to be really informed on that detail—and then he feels that he must secure the large and showy concession of price. In this manner and from these causes many a purchasing agent is every year entrapped into wasting thousands of dollars.

How may this be avoided?

First, either by a departmental distribution of authority to purchase supplies, or by giving the head of each department a check upon the purchasing agent in the matter of quantity and quality of supplies peculiar to that department. In short, the head of the department using a certain supply must be better informed than any other person as to the quantity, quality and price of the article in question, and should, therefore, have a direct "say" on this point and be held responsible for overbuying and for inferior quality

Second, the analysis of the purchasing agent's report on the part of the superiors to whom he is directly responsible should be far more searching and intelligent than it usually is—so much so that his mind will be effectively disabused of the idea that low prices are the main consideration asked from him. Real, practical, net economies of the long time and far-reaching sort are the only kind of credit marks by which the work of the purchasing agent should be judged Of course, this is, to a considerable extent, the basis in the houses having the soundest management and a system that works out the real spirit of organization instead of the "dead letter of the law"

But the other kind is altogether too common, and the "price showing" is the thing which very generally blinds the purchasing agent, so that he fails to get a fair view of what he has really accomplished, or to give that view to his superiors in his reports.

Sound Judgment Needed

Good, level headed judgment on the part of the purchasing agent is required to keep a proper balance in his work, to give the requisite amount of time and care to the really important items. Too often the time which this executive should give to the big matters in his field is eaten up by the multiplicity of smaller ones.

I recall a case in which a purchasing agent—and a very conscientious one, too—gave so much time to the smaller matters [illegible] of coal He worked for a large manufacturing concern which, because he had not given sufficient study to coal conditions, found the alternative of going into the open market and paying almost a prohibitive price for coal or [illegible]ng down and throwing hundreds of hands out of employment. In one sense of the word, that purchasing agent was not to blame for the costly predicament in which the concern found itself; he was expected to bestow so much detailed care upon the buying of a few dollars' worth of stationery, to put in so many hours beating down prices on little things, that he had no time in which to think for his employers, to look a long way ahead in the matter of coal and other supplies running into big money. In fact, he confessed that he felt obliged to put in about as much time haggling over a printer's bill of $100 as in contracting for a season's coal

Because of this sort of thing, and also because of the feeling that he must show a concession in price, the purchasing agent is constantly overlooking opportunities actually to benefit his house. Here is a fair example of the way this tendency operates: A very large manufacturing house decided to install a modern office system, and sent for an expert who was the inventor of several of the devices used in the system, and who understood [illegible] He was asked [illegible] $150

We make beautiful suits and overcoats to individual measure at about the same price you would have to pay for ready-made clothing.

Ask your dealer to show you our samples of cloth and wear clothes made for yourself from your own measurements

You will certainly appear better and be more comfortable in clothes cut to fit your form.

One hundred thousand men who desired to dress better without increasing their clothes outlay, investigated last year.

You had better investigate.

Ed. V. Price & Co., Merchant Tailors, Chicago.

Copyright, 1904, by Ed. V. Price & Co

Are your Socks Insured?

We insure our socks against holes, guarantee every pair to last six months without need of darning

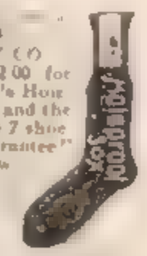
Our Guarantee

We guarantee that these "HOLEPROOF SOX" will need no darning if worn six months alternately. If they should, we agree to replace them by new ones upon surrender of this ticket with the worn pair and one coupon provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer

Holeproof Sox

Made of [illegible] Lisle (light and dark), [illegible] Navy Blue, and Black legs with [illegible] feet. All fast colors. Sizes 9 to 12. [illegible] grades: (1) Merino (medium or [illegible] Sold only in lots of 4 pairs for [illegible] (2) Cotton. Sold only in lots of 6 pairs for $1 50

Primrose, Lee [illegible]
August 17 [illegible]
THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO
DEAR SIRS:—We enclose $2 00 for which please send four pair men's Holeproof Socks, merino, Pears color, and the right size to wear with a Number 7 shoe Don't care whether the "Guarantee" [illegible] them or not, we know they are all right [illegible]
(Mrs.) R W McCULLOCH
Box 44



All shipping charges prepaid
Send for interesting booklet

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Department C Milwaukee, Wis.

Every Home

should have a supply of

Stewart's Duplex Nickel Plated

SAFETY PINS

They are made of the best nickel [illegible] finest workmanship. After you once use [illegible] use no other [illegible] they are the best pins made [illegible] to put them and our **Solid Ball-headed Pin** in every home, [illegible] will send sample card of one dozen each [illegible] sizes of Duplex Safety Pins and one dozen Solid Ball Headed Pins, Gold Plated, all for 15 cents by mail postpaid This would cost double the money in any store Only one sample to the same address

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
28 Ferrand Street Bloomfield, N J

$10.00 SAVED

Purchase $10.00 worth of

LARKIN SOAPS

and receive a

$10.00 PREMIUM FREE

Larkin Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Flavoring Extracts

a retail value of $20.00 with each $10.00 purchase

White Enameled Steel, Brass-Trimmed Bed No. 10

A LARKIN COMBINATION CASE

If preferred, you may select $10.00 worth from forty Household Necessities

80 bars	Sweet Home Soap	$4.00
5 "	White Woods Soap	.25
8 "	Borax Soap Powder	.40
5 "	Borax Bright Scouring Soap	.25
10 "	Mild "The Most Floating Soap" Soap	.50
4 "	Monarch Toilet Soap	.20
4 "	Oval Floating Toilet Soap	.20
4 "	Jewel Glycerine Toilet Soap	.20
4 "	Cream Oatmeal Toilet Soap	.20
4 "	Rosebud Toilet Soap	.20
4 "	Sandalwood Toilet Soap	.20
2 "	Wool Wash Flake Soap	.10
1 "	Jewel Shaving Soap	.10
1 "	Lotus Balm Shaving Lotion	.25
1 "	Jewel Violet Toilet Water	.50
1 "	Cold Cream	.25
1 "	bottle Vanilla Flavoring Extract	.10
1 "	bottle Tooth Powder	.10
1 "	Jewel Talcum Powder	.10
1 "	Cocoa Butter Cream	.10
1 "	Bay Rum Perfume	.25
1 "	Lavender Salts	.25
1 "	Larkin Shoe Polish Black Paste	.10
Added to which is present value		$ 0.00

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

Larkin Products and Premiums always please. Money refunded if any Product or Premium proves unsatisfactory after thirty days' trial.

Send Trial Order, or Write for Premium List No. 91
It's full of interest—over 600 premium offers.

Larkin Co.

ESTABLISHED, 1875. Buffalo, N. Y.

Non-Skid Rubber Tread

GIVES PERFECT TRACTION

See Them at all the Auto Shows

Shorthand a Mine

We loan you a Remington machine, teach you Shorthand & Typewriting by Mail, and help you get a position in Chicago at good salary and with rare promotion. Cor. Stan. Inst. 195 Canal Chicago Ill.

his bid containing a clause to the effect that he would personally install the system and instruct the office force in its use. This part of the matter was either overlooked or ignored, and the purchasing agent at once started out to see if he could "beat the first man's figures."

Apparently this was the only consideration in the agent's mind. He had no difficulty in finding a firm which contracted to furnish the supplies at a lower figure. After the office equipment was received the question of its installation came up—and the purchasing agent found that on this score he had figured without his host. Eventually he discovered that the cheapest way in which he could get the equipment installed and the employees adequately instructed in the operation of the system was to employ the man who had been underbid and pay him a fee for his services, which would have been given without charge under the original arrangement.

Perhaps the most important particular in which every purchasing department is open to improvement, not to say reform, is in the matter of recording the information necessary to its successful operation. Like the credit man, the purchasing agent is inclined to keep the most valuable information of the department "under his hat." This puts him in the position of being able to dictate to his employers and to make them feel that he is indispensable.

Every house should be in position to discharge its purchasing agent on an hour's notice without crippling the work of the department. In other words, the archives of the department should contain every item of information regarding every phase of the work necessary to place the new purchasing agent in complete control of the situation. Not only should this information be so tabulated and classified as to indicate the quantity, quality and prices of supplies used, but it should also focus before the eye the complete situation regarding the present amount of and probable demand for the more important supplies. Whatever may contribute to a better knowledge of the present and future "market conditions" of a leading supply should have a place in the archives—and be so recorded that its relative importance will be seen and realized.

Some, not to say most, purchasing agents seem to think that, if their office system shows from whom the supplies have been bought, the quantity of each article used and the prices paid, then their exhibit is complete and satisfactory. This kind of a record takes in only the A B C of the supply buying business. The record should go beyond the houses from which goods are bought and deal with the personalities with which the purchasing agent transacts his business.

The cards of the file should give the new purchasing agent a clew to the "personal equation" in each house, should furnish him with that sort of information which is gained by close personal acquaintance—in a word, with "character information." Particular attention should also be paid in the purchasing department to all literature and information relating to scientific progress in lines having a direct relation to the processes for which supplies are bought.

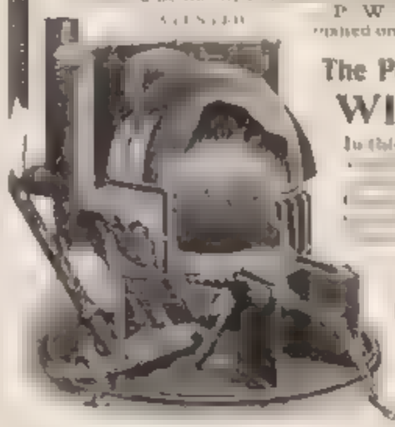
Here is one place where the difference between a routine man and a thinking man will show most clearly. The purchasing agent who has a broad and progressive mind will make this feature of his system invaluable, for by it he and his house will be kept in pace with progress and will be the first to have those improvements which are practical and which make for economy and efficiency in the business world.

In so brief an article it is impossible adequately to suggest the general points in regard to buying supplies which should command the attention of the careful business executive; but one thing, at least, should be clear to him: no other department will give him a better return for close and unflagging scrutiny than this, and no other department requires better poise and balance. Conducted with too much conservatism, however, this will cramp the operation and cripple the efficiency of the whole business. I recall an instance where red-tape and delay in purchasing a fifty-dollar tool cost a manufacturing concern several hundred dollars. On the other hand, a careless, incompetent or lavish purchasing agent can soon wreck the profit account of a large and prosperous concern. Any chief executive who does not see to it that his purchasing department is in efficient hands, and that the system on which it is conducted is the best known, does himself, his associates, and even his employees, a grave injustice.

FURNACE FACTS AND FIGURES

A Chicago business man investigated the results secured from a Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace installed in a residence of eleven rooms, standing high on the lake front—east front—with entire north and west walls exposed as well as front. He discovered the house had been thoroughly heated during the entire severe last winter at a total cost of exactly $36. Before the introduction of the P.-W. Underfeed Furnace it had cost as high as $125 a winter to heat the same house. In concluding his voluntary report to us of the above facts, our correspondent stated:

"As this is better than any story you print, I thought you would like to know it—although it is a rather HARD STORY."



The Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED FURNACE
WILL SAVE ½ TO ⅔ On Your Coal Bills

Let us send you FREE our Underfeed Book and facsimile voluntary letters proving every claim we make

Dealers are invited to write us our very attractive proposition

The Peck-Williamson Co.
329 West Fifth Street CINCINNATI, OHIO

A Free Book About
Incubators

We issue the best book ever written on the subject—written by a man who has spent 23 years in perfecting them—by the man who made the Racine. It tells facts that you must know to get the right incubator. Don't buy without reading it, for the book is free. We Pay the Freight.

RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 98, Racine, Wis.
Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul.

1500 Slightly Used Machines at ½ Price

Bargains in Typewriters

Less than one half price $10 $65

1000 Visible Shole machines built to sell

wonderful bargains from

ROCKWELL BARNES CO., 281 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Agts. for Typewriters on all typewriter questions.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Dept. No. 30

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $ .....If issued at years of age

Name

Address

A young stenographer earned $15 a week and saw no future.

I taught him how to write advertising, with the result—$1,500.00 first year, $1,600.00 second year, and constant increase of salary afterwards. Today in the $5,000.00–$10,000.00 class. This briefly shows possibilities.

A young lady from Kentucky completed the Powell System and came to New York during the dullest period of last summer, and has constantly averaged from $25 to $50 a week, and has had the choice of many fine positions.

Her case is but average, too.

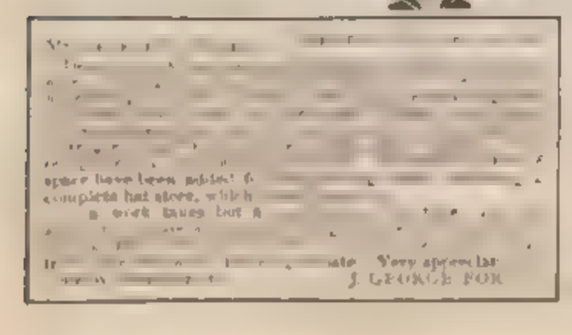
Geo. A. McClellan, Gen'l Manager of the three famous Indiana newspapers, the Indianapolis Star, Muncie Star and Terre Haute Star, is one of the many great publishers of America who unanimously recognize the Powell System as the "only one to take." He recently subscribed for five courses of instruction for employees.

This will do something towards explaining why the Powell System has left all others far behind, and why it is now recognized as the "survival of the fittest"—why BEST.

Young men and women ambitious to earn from $25 to $100 a week, and business men who feel competition and want more profits, should send for my two free books—my Prospectus and "Net Results," which I mail on request. The most instructive works of their kind, with the most important facts ever published.

Simply address me George H. Powell, 1436 Temple Court, New York.

Employers Preferred Powell Graduate



The Reading Table

The World

I wonder what the world is like,
Across the field, beyond the pike,
The great, big world where people play,
And something happens every day.
It seems to me that it must look
Like pictures in my Fairy-Book,
It's strange and beautiful, I know,
I want to go—I want to go!

Perhaps the lovely ladies there
Ride grandly out to take the air,
Attend the banquet or the play;
But as to that I cannot say.
I close my eyes, and seem to see
A maiden laughing happily;
But what the Prince says, soft and low,
I do not know—I do not know!

I'm sure if I could go I'd find
The world to me exceeding kind.
No care or trouble could befall,
There's happiness enough for all.
There must be some for little me;
But they have never let me see
The great, big, happy world. And oh!
I want to go—I want to go

—*Carolyn Wells*

Trouble in de Kitchen

Dey was oncet a awful quoil 'twixt de skillet an' de pot:
De pot was des a-bilin' an' de skillet sho' was hot
Dey slurred each othah's colah an' dey called each othah names.
W'ile de coal-oil can des gu'gled, po'in' out erpon de flames.

De pot, hut called de skillet des a flat, disfiggered t'ing,
An' de skillet 'plied dat all de pot could do was set an' sing,
An' he 'lowed dat dey was 'lusions dat he wouldn't stoop to mek,
'Case he reckernize his juty, an' he had too much at steak

Well, at dis de pot biled ovah, case his temjah gittin' highah,
An' de skillet got to sputterin', den de fat was in de fah.
Mistah Fah lay dah smokin' an' a-t'inkin' to hisse'f
W'ile de pepp'h-box uz nudgin' of de gingah on de sho'f

Den dey all des lef' hit to 'im, 'bout de trouble an' de talk;
An' howevah he decided, w'y dey bofe 'u'd walk de chalk;
But de fah uz so 'sgusted how dey quoil an' dey shout
Dat he cooled 'em off, I reckon, w'en he puffed an' des went out.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

The Rainy Day

I

W'en de weather rainin',
Fills de Lily's cup;
Honey, stop complainin':
Sun is restin' up!

II

Soon he'll be a-shinin'
Tho' de Rainbow's bars;
He's only on a picnic
Somewhar', wid de stars'

III

Can't be always sunny—
Dat's de lesson plain;
But ever' rose, my honey,
Is sweeter fer de rain

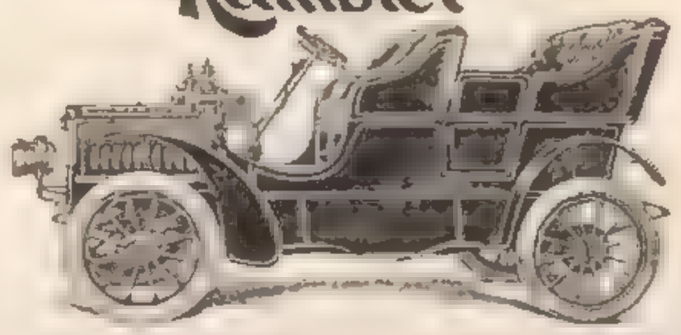
—*Frank L. Stanton*

Youngsters of Ninety

LORD BROUGHAM, who did the work of half a dozen men, lived a strenuous life till he was eighty-nine. Chief Baron Pollock, of England, whose thread of life was spun out to the age of ninety six, was active and laborious almost to the end. When eighty years old he sat one day many hours in court, and then delivered a lecture before the Royal Society with all the clearness and vivacity of a man in his prime

Sergeant G. Hill, an exceedingly learned and eccentric real-property lawyer in the days

Rambler



SURREY, TYPE ONE, 1905 MODEL
16 ACTUAL HORSE POWER, $1350
Other models $750, $850, $2000, $3000

The *throttle wheel* which regulates the speed is immediately beneath the steering wheel so that both can be controlled with one hand. The timing of the spark being entirely automatic, once the machine is in motion, all is resolved into pleasure. Send for "The Rambler Magazine" and other printed matter

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York Agency, 134 West Thirty eighth Street
Representatives in all other leading cities

Good form is as essential in playing cards as in dress. Poor, smudgy cards are exasperating. Elegant cards, such as

Congress Cards

Cards of quality. Gold edges. 65 backs.)

Make the social game pleasurable. Gold and many colors. **Initial Series** (all letters of alphabet). Also Club and Pictorial Series. For Whist, Poker, Euchre, etc. Highly polished. **Send us 50c.** a pack for designs wanted. Illustrations free. Bicycle Playing Cards—wear well and give satisfaction. One color backs. **Sent for 25c.** per pack. Illustrations sent free.

Two Grand Prizes, St. Louis, 1904. Highest awards Buffalo, 1901; Paris, 1900; Chicago, 1893
Card Games and How to Play Them, 160 [illegible] each, paper, 10 cents [illegible] ber, Bridge, Euchre, [illegible]

We send all of above goods, prepaid, on receipt of price. If your dealer does not supply [illegible]

Address Dept. 10, The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

1905 Announcement

The

Autocar

A New Type

We believe that the Autocar in all its types represents the highest excellence in automobile design, workmanship and material. Every Autocar is built on honor. We feel, therefore, that our new type will meet with a cordial reception.

This car, **Type XI.**, larger and more powerful than the other types, has a four-cylinder vertical engine of 16-20 horsepower. The body is built on the newest and most approved French lines. The front seat is divided and both front and rear seats are large and comfortable.

While this car is built upon the tried Autocar principles which have been so [illegible] of very important [illegible] increased simplicity, [illegible] safety and comfort.

In fact, though [illegible] a way has been found for the abolition of [illegible] which [illegible] this car has more than [illegible] highest expression of perfection. [illegible] has been a study [illegible] and [illegible] men [illegible] were of the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] 12 per cent. [illegible] for [illegible] 20 to 25 [illegible] per hour in the [illegible] the [illegible] hear a speed of 40 to 45 miles. The car is a superior climber on a hill.

Altogether our eight years experience has enabled us to produce in this type, a four cylinder car we are assured cannot be surpassed by any similar car at any price.

The Price of Type XI. is $2000

Ready for delivery January 16

Type VIII.—Four-Passenger Car at ($1400), and Type X.—Runabout at ($900)

have made *Autocar Reputation*. Each stands at the head of its class for value and efficiency.

Autocars, Types VIII., X. and XI. will be on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden.

Catalogue descriptive of the 1904-05 types will be sent free upon request. This catalogue contains also addresses of our dealers throughout the country who will be glad to give demonstrations to prospective automobile purchasers and explain in detail the merits of our cars.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY
ARDMORE, PA.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Protect your clothing, furs, etc., from moths and moisture by keeping them in a PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST when not in use—a useful piece of furniture that adds elegance to the home. Built of select red cedar, finished with heavy lock, trimmings and castors; will last a lifetime. Appropriate gift.

Made in 5 sizes. Priced very low. Shipped from factory on approval, freight prepaid.

Booklet and furniture catalog free. Dept. P

Piedmont Furniture Co., Statesville, N. C.

Just think

of the predicament of [illegible] should die without being [illegible]

Read our booklet, "The [illegible] and the [illegible] find out how [illegible]

We insure by mail

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

COME HERE! [illegible]

Your physician will agree. Booklet free.

STRUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

of Lord Mansfield, and a proficient in science, lived to the age of ninety-two, and was frequently consulted by the judges of the English courts long after he had retired from practice at the bar. Lord Eldon was fifty years old when he was made Lord Chancellor, and, till he was seventy-seven, discharged the duties of his office with consummate ability. A more colossal and tireless worker in old age than any of the preceding was Lord St. Leonards, who as barrister won the princely income of £20,000 a year. On retiring from the woolsack, instead of resting from toil, he began revising and preparing for the press a new edition of one of his numerous and learned law treatises. And yet this Titanic worker, so far from killing himself or even damaging his health by his ceaseless and colossal toil, lived to the age of ninety-four. David Dudley Field, of the New York bar, was nearing ninety when he died in the harness with his mental powers undiminished; and his brother, Justice Stephen Field, did full duty on the bench for years after he had reached fourscore.

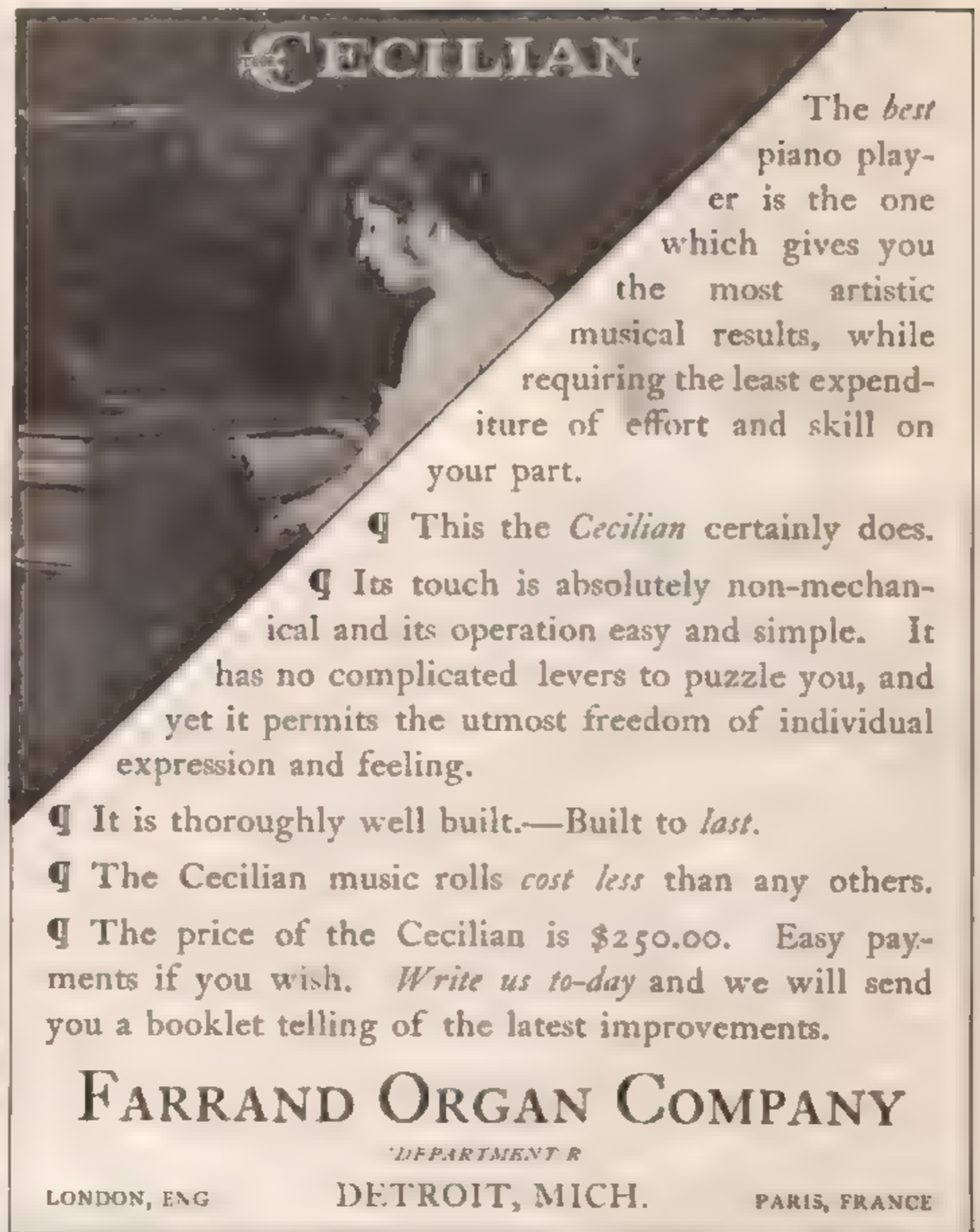
Simon Yandes, of Indianapolis, ex-Chief Justice of Indiana, still, in his eighty-seventh year, was going last year to his office daily, and read without glasses. Daniel Tarbox Jewett, of St. Louis, a native of Maine, who is over ninety-six years old, yet continues the practice of law, and spends at his desk six hours daily. Albert W. Paine, the oldest lawyer in continuous practice in New England, is enjoying sound health at ninety-one, writes all his briefs and letters in a perfectly legible hand, and performs his legal work with as much energy and regularity as the youngest member of the profession. Josiah Crosby, of Dexter, Maine, has practiced law for sixty-five years. Martin Ingham Townsend, of Troy, New York, ex-Congressman, United States District Attorney, etc., etc., a man of great robustness and force of character, and a powerful debater, retained to the day of his death, February 15, 1893, his mental vigor. The most intellectual and successful soldier of the last half of the nineteenth century, who thought out victories in the closet, Marshal von Moltke, was seventy years old when he directed the operations that won for Germany her series of victories over France; and he was ninety when he wrote his great work on the campaign.

The practice of medicine, which prolongs life, is regarded as unfavorable to the practitioner's longevity; yet Hippocrates, a prodigious worker, lived to ninety-nine. Another example of faculties of a high order remaining unimpaired long after the grand climacteric was furnished by Sir Henry Holland, who lived to his eighty-sixth birthday. Sir H. A. Pitman, registrar of the London College of Physicians, was living at ninety-three. Rudolf Virschow, the great German pathologist—for forty-two years professor in the University of Berlin—who furnished teachers from his pupils to every university in Germany, and to medical schools throughout the world, was full of vigor till his eighty-first year, when he died from a fall from an electric tram car. Dr. R. Baynes, of Rockland, Maine, was visiting his patients in that city at the extreme age of ninety-nine.

Dr. William Ingalls, a well-known Boston physician, had reached ninety-one at his death in December, 1903.

Finally, the lives of centenarians show that even the snows of a hundred winters need not invariably freeze the blood so as to put an end to a man's activity and usefulness. Jonathan Norton, of East Lee, Massachusetts, a believer in perpetual motion, was reported as still at work on his favorite problem when he celebrated his one hundredth birthday, on August 1, 1896. Chevreul, the French chemist, reached the extreme age of one hundred and three, and was a vigorous worker to the close of his career. Doctor De Boissy, a prominent physician of Havre, France, died a few years ago at the age of one hundred and four. A few years before he had wearied of sitting in his carriage, and thenceforth visited his patients on foot. He used to say that he had never been ill for a moment. He used coffee, wine and tobacco all his life, and attributed his longevity to his moderation. When congratulated on his green old age he was wont to say that, with a little method, it was easy to run up to a hundred years. His father had lived to a hundred and eight years.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times—an act noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.



The *best* piano player is the one which gives you the most artistic musical results, while requiring the least expenditure of effort and skill on your part.

¶ This the *Cecilian* certainly does.

¶ Its touch is absolutely non-mechanical and its operation easy and simple. It has no complicated levers to puzzle you, and yet it permits the utmost freedom of individual expression and feeling.

¶ It is thoroughly well built.—Built to *last*.

¶ The Cecilian music rolls *cost less* than any others.

¶ The price of the Cecilian is $250.00. Easy payments if you wish. *Write us to-day* and we will send you a booklet telling of the latest improvements.

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY

DEPARTMENT R

LONDON, ENG. DETROIT, MICH. PARIS, FRANCE

USED ROUND THE WORLD

WALTER BAKER & Co.'s

Chocolate and Cocoa

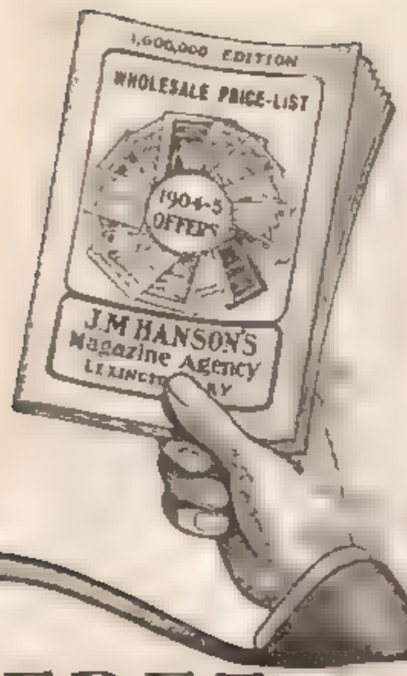
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

THE LEADER FOR 124 YEARS

Grand Prize, World's Fair, St. Louis

WALTER BAKER & Co., Limited
Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE and AMERICA



FREE

Our Large Catalogue

NEW EDITION of one million copies now ready. Embodies new ideas, new prices, new suggestions. Contains a list of over 2,500 magazines, periodicals and newspapers, quotes lowest obtainable prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and gives much valuable information that all magazine readers should have. You can

SAVE
Magazine Money

by writing us, as we furnish any magazine, periodical, or newspaper in the world at lowest prices—much lower, maybe, than you believe possible.

Ours is one of the largest subscription agencies in the world and we are known everywhere. Your address on a postal secures the facts.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE TODAY
IT IS SURE TO INTEREST YOU. Address

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
210 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

REVERSIBLE

Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"; but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods and cost of dealers, for box of ten, 25 cts. (2½ cts. each)

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. By mail ten collars or five pairs cuffs, 50 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. 7, Boston, Mass.

BRIDGE

Lessons by Correspondence.

All Exercises personally examined and corrected by

R. F. FOSTER,

Inventor of the famous Eleven Rule, Author of "Foster's Bridge Manual" and 20 other books on cards. Address 9236 White Building, N. Y. City.

Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

Five Riddles

UP TO the middle of last century the body of English literature was lean to starvation in the matter of memoirs. Did a student set out to master English history, he must plod through interminable dull lists of facts in Clarendon and Hume and State records; he must reckon up laws and battles and inventions: there were abundant stores of these for him to master. But of the human story—the growth of the half naked Saxon serf with an iron collar about his neck into the English statesman of to-day, busy with the world's affairs—but few records had been kept for his use. In fact, Macaulay was the first Englishman to recognize that history should be the story not of a government, a world power, but of human beings.

In France, on the other hand, history concerned itself wholly with the human actor. François, whatever his birth, has always delighted to strip his innermost soul before the public. There are countless diaries, memoirs and confessions of our Gallic kinsmen running back from the day of Loubet to that of Charlemagne. In later times, under the Bourbons and Bonapartes, these revelations became so abundant and so minute in their discoveries that the decent reader blushes as he turns the pages as if he had been caught listening behind a chamber door. No other race has so thoroughly exploited itself in print.

In the beginning of the last century there were but a beggarly half-dozen of English memoirs to match these countless Gallic soul-studies. We had Evelyn, Pepys, Boswell, Moore's autopsy of his noble lord and patron, several hints touching the lives of certain naughty ladies of quality under the Georges, and Lockhart's Memoirs of Scott, a life clean and sane enough to teach purity to even a nation which could choose the Regent as its model. That was our stock.

But suddenly, about forty years ago, the English people *en masse* betook themselves to recording their thoughts and doings with pen and ink. Queens and gipsies, circus riders, scholars and women doctors not only kept journals but published them; we had the diaries of great statesmen laying bare the secrets of cabinets, of rat-catchers, of mill girls, of coal-heavers. So rapacious has the public appetite now become for these private histories that if the living man does not publish his diary and letters, as soon as he is a dead man we break open his desk and give them to the hungry world.

The publishers this year bring plenty of this kind of food to the greedy maw of the public. Biographies and memoirs crowd scientific books and even novels out of sight. Why need we concern ourselves with frothy fiction or the mysteries of Nature, the work of electricity, microbes, radium or any other of the strange forces which push and crowd us at every turn? The queer doings of the real men and women swarming about us are stranger mysteries and better worth the study.

Here, for instance, are the letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone *(Macmillan Company)*. Lord Acton was half German by blood; but he was English to the innermost core of his calm nature. In no spot of earth outside of England could a man have carried such stupendous achievement to the grave, unvaunted and unacknowledged.

He was a man of high birth and large fortune, a Romanist in faith, recognized throughout Europe as one of the three great scholars of the age. He gave his life to amassing knowledge upon every subject, and never used a jot or tittle of it for any purpose. In each of his houses were vast stores of books, all of which he had mastered. They were at the service of any student, as were his great collections of papers on every branch of knowledge. But his own mind was like a bog into which countless streams have emptied themselves and been lost.

He collected material during all of his life for a History of Liberty. It was to be his

Keep Your Appointments

A man who carries a Dueber-Hampden Watch can meet his appointments "on the minute."

The "Wm. McKinley" model is specially adapted for business men. It is one of the leaders among the famous

Dueber-Hampden

"Accurate to the Second" Watches

It is sold by dealers who are not controlled by a trust or influenced by unscrupulous methods. The "McKinley" is a 16 size movement, thin model, cased in 18 karat gold, 14 karat gold or gold filled.

Write for new book on Watches and Watch Making

The Watchmen

The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works
Dept. C, Canton, O.

Couch, Bed, Wardrobe for $10.

Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Flounce; and Wardrobe Box.

Rip Van Winkle Spring

may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory from factory to you. Send us your address for our Literature and Prices

Bargain at $10.

METAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Dept. S, 17 W. 42d Street, New York

BUNCO

Copyright 1904 Patent Applied For

THE NEW CARD GAME
Greatest Hit in Years
115 Cards Ivory Enameled
50 Cents Everywhere or direct
HOME GAME COMPANY, Chicago

Missouri County Bonds
5½% Send for handsomely illustrated Brochure about Missouri FREE

Missouri County Bonds Drainage at 5
Missouri Municipal Bonds at 5
Missouri School Bonds at over 4.

WILLIAM R COMPTON 8 Wardell Building Macon Mo.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

WE GUARANTEE

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
41 National Life Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

6% Interest Paid on Deposits Compounded Semi-Annually

"Banking by Mail" on request.

Equitable Banking and Loan Co.

OZO A SMITH Pres. MACON, GA.

GET MORE EGGS

YOUR HENS WILL LAY
MANN'S Latest Model Bone Cutter

The Hand that Fills the Pay Envelope

The value of the I. C. S. system of training is recognized by the employer—the man whose hand fills the pay envelope. Our Student's Aid Department, when so requested, keeps the employer advised of the student's progress. We aid our students in securing situations. One of our students writes to us as follows

[illegible] I want to thank you for advising my superintendent of the progress I have made in my studies. He has promoted me [illegible]

If you have the ambition to make the start, we make the way to a good position and a higher salary easy. The first step is simply to fill in and mail to us this coupon.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me [illegible] Success," and explain how I can [illegible] position before which I have marked X

Advertising Writer	Electrician
Show Card Writer	Elec. Railway Supt.
Window Trimmer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Bookkeeper	Mechanical Engineer
Stenographer	Civil Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Surveyor
Architectural	Mining Engineer
Architect	Metallurgical Engineer
Newspaper Illustrator	Building Contractor
Wall Paper Designer	Foreman Plumber
Chemist	Gas Engineer
Commercial Law	Stationary "
	Bridge "

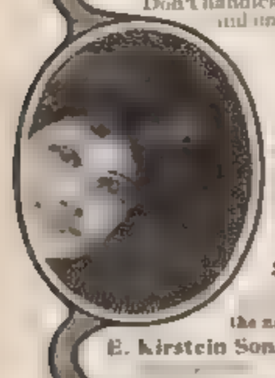
Name [illegible]

Street and No. [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

Help your eyes

Don't handicap them by wearing shaky and uncomfortable eye glasses.



Shur-On Eye-glasses

are built on an entirely [illegible] principle.

Send for book

[illegible] about the eyes and care of them. Free for the name of your optician

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Department B
Rochester, N. Y.

CLASS PINS OR BADGES

For any College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge. Direct from Factory to Wearer.

Either one or two of its colors, any letters if not more than six.

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample 25c.

Free—Large Catalogue, illus.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send Us Your Badges at low prices

Bastian Bros., 21 L., S. Av., Rochester, N. Y.

CHEAP RATES [illegible]

[illegible] on Household [illegible] settlers. Write for rates. Map of California free

Trans-Continental Freight Co., E 366 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

one supreme work. But he never wrote the first sentence of it

Shorthouse, as we all know, gave a life of study to accumulate the facts for the history of John Inglesant. Lord Acton, annoyed at the undue praise given to the book by Miss Gladstone, sat down one summer afternoon and in an hour made a list of countless historical mistakes in it, which he sent to her That chance letter and a brief address to a workingman's club are the only tangible records left to the world of his vast stores of knowledge. "Other scholars," we are told, "were awed by the majesty of his learning" But the calm, smiling Englishman went on his way, talking commonplaces to the end "He preferred," says Bryce, "to know rather than to write or to talk"

Here is one strange outgrowth of the human essence worth our study. Another specimen characteristic of English nature will be found in the life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, by C. E. D. Black *(Hutchinson & Co., London)*. This book was recently written under the supervision of its subject and that of his family. It is but a little while since the kind, smiling face of the popular diplomat was missed from the crowded haunts where it was so familiar and so sincerely loved

Lord Dufferin's life was an odd exemplification of the English habit which heaps fortunes upon the fortunate. The same people who respect the great scholar who never brugged of his knowledge respect also the successful man, and delight to heap [illegible] successes upon him

Lord Dufferin was rocked in a golden cradle by good fairies. He was descended from an ancient Irish family, a long line of men who had both rank and brains. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was his grandfather; his grandmother was one of the three sisters so famous for their beauty that crowds mobbed their carriage in Hyde Park, and when they entered a ballroom peers and judges climbed upon chairs to see them. His mother inherited her father's genius and her mother's witchery. His father died when Dufferin was but a lad. Court and Queen made a pet of the boy peer. He was made Lord-in-Waiting at twenty-one, a member of Parliament at twenty-six. He made a voyage to Iceland in a yacht and then was sent on a mission to Syria, created Earl of Dufferin and appointed Viceroy of Canada. He held a brilliant court at Quebec, and won all hearts by his hearty friendliness—"a man," it was said, "as glad to receive kindness as to give it." After Quebec he was sent Ambassador to Russia, and to Egypt, was made in rapid succession Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Rome and Ambassador to France. Wherever he went he carried the same sound sense, fine tact and healthy human feeling, winning countless friends by them. "To look once at Dufferin," the Russians were used to say "would make a freezing bear good humored"

We have a glimpse of another member of the same well-to-do, complacent class in Notes from a Diary, by the Right Honorable Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff *(E. P. Dutton [illegible])*

Sir Grant Duff from his birth and position has always been the companion of scholars, diplomatists and people of rank in England He had the fortune, the leisure and the opportunity to make of his life what he chose He has chosen to give it to the collection of unset stones and gossip. He is known today throughout England as "the Diarist." People who are invited to dine with him gather up anecdotes to tell him. He jots them down at the table, and, when he has collected enough to fill a couple of volumes, publishes them. The present book contains thousands of these glimpses of men and manners. If we are forced to admit that they are preternaturally dull we see that the fault lies with the collector rather than with English society. He has a positive genius for seeing only the vapid side of an incident, a joke or a man

No American can make the acquaintance in these books of Lord Acton and Sir Grant Duff without feeling that if they had happened to be born in this country they would have exerted much more influence in the world. The American, whoever he may be, has to make his way in life. Every talent, every scrap of knowledge that he can command, he uses to that end. Our society man is too busy in pushing his way to waste time in recording the stupid jokes of his friends. A scholar here, with one-tenth of Lord Acton's knowledge, would have used it first to get a $12,000 chair in a Western college, and then would have chopped it up into popular science papers for the quarterlies at so much a [illegible]

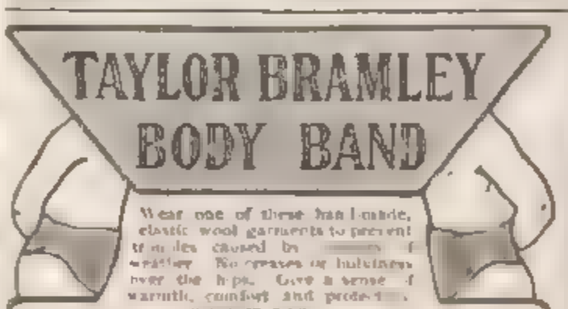
The Right Hand of the Busy Man is the minute hand on an

ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

TAYLOR BRAMLEY BODY BAND



Wear one of these bandmade, elastic wool garments to prevent troubles caused by [illegible] weather. No creases or bulkiness over the hips. Gives a sense of warmth, comfort and protection

THEY FIT

Standard Weight, $1.00 postpaid

Money back if you want it [illegible]

Taylor Bramley Co., 80 Mill St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

KREMENTZ

QUALITY

KREMENTZ

On the Back of the Button are two Perforations to [illegible] It would wear in any service The [illegible] the head makes it

1. Easy to button
2. When buttoned it stays buttoned
3. Easy to unbutton

Sold by Jewelers and Haberdashers [illegible] Write for booklet

KREMENTZ & Co., Newark, N.J.

Lawson's Frenzied Finance Answered

JANUARY 19th Public Opinion will print the first of a series of interesting articles on Mr. Lawson and his "Frenzied Finance." These articles will show what the real motive behind "Frenzied Finance" is. The author will trace the career of this Boston stock-juggler for twenty-five years back, until he assumed his present self-appointed job as gratuitous financial adviser to the American people. Some interesting facts that Mr. Lawson probably would not care to write himself will be printed

This series of twelve articles has been written by a well-known financial writer who is thoroughly in touch with his subject, and who knows how to write with vigor and ability. He will dissect Mr. Lawson's incoherent but cleverly written story, and will show how, by the use of the pages of a popular magazine of large circulation, he has attempted to destroy confidence in the entire commercial fabric of the country. It has been estimated that his attacks upon well-known financial institutions have depreciated securities not less than $230,000,000. Have these attacks been justified by the facts? We will attempt to answer that question.

There are Two Sides to Every Story

Public Opinion has no connection in any manner with the interests attacked by Mr. Lawson. It will present this series of articles simply for the benefit of its readers. There are two sides to every story. Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" is no exception. The first article will appear on January 19th, and there will be eleven additional articles. The name of the author will be given at the head of the first article. The next two issues will contain chapters under the suggestive title "Who is Lawson?" These chapters will give a complete biography of Mr. Lawson, and in the interest of fair play we will state a few facts about his career that he has not seen fit to include in "Frenzied Finance."

Order Now from Your Newsdealer Or Send a Dollar Today

Place your order in advance with your newsdealer for the January 19th issue (containing the opening article) and for the subsequent issues containing the reply to Lawson's "[illegible]nce." Price, ten cents a copy. [illegible] us $1 00 with the coupon from this advertisement and we will mail you the twelve numbers direct as issued

Public Opinion
44-60 East 23rd Street
New York

Mail this Coupon with $1.00

Public Opinion
New York

Please enter my name for a subscription to the twelve numbers containing "Frenzied Finance Answered." Enclosed one dollar.

Name [illegible]

[illegible]

The Bank that Pays

4%

The Armor Plate Vaults

to safeguard the savings of depositors.

SEND SAVINGS BY MAIL

Deposits of Any Amount from $1 Up Accepted

Capital $1,000,000 Surplus $1,000,000

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
PITTSBURGH PA

Calcium Gas and
Moving Picture Outfit

The Latest Victory of Science.

You Can Make Big Money Entertaining the Public

We start you, furnishing complete with simple and explicit instructions. The Field is Large comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local ...ds, Lodges ...es. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital

Our Outfit Comprises the C. P. CO.'S model, PURE CALCIUM GAS OUTFIT, the greatest candle power, the safest and most economical gas-making outfit ever invented. Weight 30 lbs.

Stereopticon, Moving Picture Machines, Films, Slides and every accessory needed for ...ome entertainments. Absolutely the latest films and views on the market, including all subjects for the public's enjoyment

FREE entertainment supply catalogue and SPECIAL OFFER fully explains everything

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO. 225 Dearborn St. Dept. 210, Chicago

MUSIC SELF-TAUGHT

NO TEACHER NECESSARY

ONLY 10c POST PAID

WURLITZER'S

For Guitar, Mandolin, Violin, Banjo, 'Cello and Double Bass

SPECIAL OFFER

PIANO AND ORGAN

It contains all chords in both the ... all learn in a few hours. The ... reliable Self Instructor. For a limited time only (postpaid)

FREE Large Souvenir Catalog of Musical Instruments if you state article wanted. We have Violin outfits from $2.25 up. Guitar outfits from $2.50 up. Mandolin outfits from $2.25 up. "Howard" Self Instructor and lettered Fingerboard free with each outfit. Everything else at proportionately low prices. Deal with the largest music house in the country and save money. Established 1856

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 172 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Electric Pocket Lamp

... safe. Dispenses all hair in the ... postpaid on receipt of price $2.00. With ...

EASTERN CARBON WORKS, Jersey City, N. J.

England looked on with indifference when Lord Acton went out of the world with his vast store of learning unopened and unused. But the American public would not have tolerated such waste. He would have been summoned to stand and deliver at every turn if only by the editors of Sunday papers. His own life might have been stripped of dignity by such publicity. But, after all, would not the world have been the gainer?

Another ponderous biography just issued to the public, and backed by authority of the Duke of Argyle and the Princess Louise is The Great Marquess, by John Willcock (*Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh*). This is the story of the eighth Earl of Argyle, the rival of Montrose. Both claimed the title of The Great Marquess. The history of their hand-to-hand struggle, which drenched Scotland in blood, is too grisly and lacking in the finer elements of tragedy to attract modern readers. But the picture of the times is worth careful study. The fact imports much to us that only three centuries ago the people of a Christian kingdom waged war to the death on two or three trivial points of doctrine—that religion then meant, not the love of God or of our brother but the relentless fury of sectarian clansmen, red handed with the life-blood of the men who differed from them on the meaning of a text.

The hero of this book was a grim, shifty eyed, treacherous animal. It is a difficult task for his descendants to give him an heroic aspect. His own father described him as a "greedy coward, cunning and cruel." Once and again he took boat or horse and decamped just before a battle. He stood triumphing in the window of his house when his great enemy, Montrose, was haled past it on a cart to the gibbet.

But, we are told, he marched bareheaded through the streets to his own execution with great dignity and calm.

Here is the story of another human being which is a strange contrast to this glimpse of the life of the virulent old Scotch hater of man and God. It is like a sweet scented acorn from the woods beside a bit of death mould from an old graveyard. Indian Boyhood, by Charles A. Eastman (*McClure Phillips & Co.*), is the true story of a Santee Sioux whose mother died in giving him birth and whose father was believed to have been killed in the great massacre of Indians at ... It gives every homely detail of his childhood from the days on which he was strapped to an ... board up to his fifteenth year, with much ... and accuracy. One knows of no other such record. The book will hereafter be of great historical value. The Indians are fast sloughing off their old habits and hiding the records of them. Historians will some day grope for them in vain. They are all set down here accurately. We have the daily life in the teepees, the search for food, the laws which ruled tribal affairs, and the mysterious fellowship which existed between the red man and the animals who were his companions in the forest. Most curious of all is the account of the training of Indian children, which began in the cradle, in the habits and language of these creatures. They learned the speech and habits of bears, chipmunks, birds and foxes at the age when the white child is taught his alphabet and multiplication table. We meet with an old woman, too, learned in the ways of God and of man, who trains the boy with as wise and tender touches as though she had been the mother of the Gracchi instead of the naked little Sioux Ohiyesa. There are glimpses, too, of the religion taught the boy. Among many of the tribes a young man before he can become a warrior must go fasting alone up to the mountains, to find the Great Mystery, just as the knight kept vigil fasting alone, hoping to come near to God. Instances were not rare among the Sioux of chiefs who dwelt for years apart in the forest, torturing themselves in the hope of recognition from the Great Mystery. How Ohiyesa was forced to sacrifice his dog, his one dear friend, to propitiate God is a poor little story, but it somehow wrenches the heart and brings tears to the eyes.

By all means let the reader neglect the vast piles of fiction awaiting him this winter and look into the heap of biographies. The most important thing in the world to him, after all, is the men and women who jostle and crowd him here.

How are they using their chance? Can they give him any hints how to use his own? What do they know of the darkness beyond? These are the questions, after all, which give interest and significance to the histories of great scholars or great gossips, Scotch bigots or Sioux heathen.

The Wayne

is an attractive, serviceable car for people who want an automobile for practical use.

The 16 H. P. motor has two opposed cylinders, the transmission is of the planetary type and the whole mechanism is as simple as can be made. The 90-inch wheel base ensures comfort in riding over any road. The compression in the Wayne engine is low, so that on the return stroke the pistons do not have to overcome the high compression found in most cars.

This makes the Wayne a great hill climber and by economy on wear and tear insures long life to the engine.

We ... be glad to demonstrate the merits of our cars at the New York and ... shows or to send our catalogue to those who appreciate quality and reliability at a moderate price. Will you write us today?

The Wayne Automobile Company, Dept. F, Detroit, Mich.

LADIES' WRITING DESK, $2.98

... Mail Supply House, Box 501, Rosehill, N. Y.

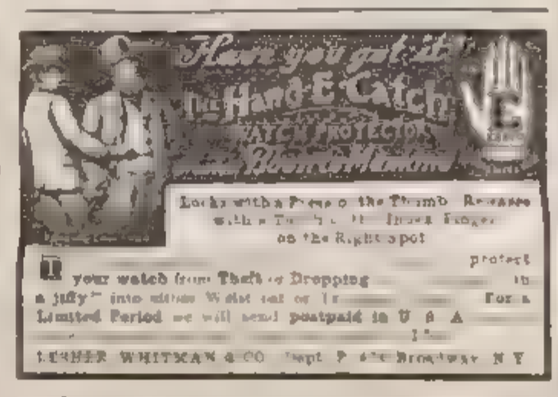
THE BEST LIGHT

The most brilliant, economical light made. Our light gives 100-candle power at the small cost of 2c per week

... dirt grease odor or smoke

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
... of Light ...
5-25 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.



Locks with a Press of the Thumb. Releases with a Turn of the Index Finger as the Right Spot

... your watch from Theft or Dropping ... protect ... in a jiffy" into either Vest or Trousers Pocket. For a Limited Period we will send postpaid in U. S. A. ...

LESHER WHITMAN & CO. Dept. P 471 Broadway, N. Y.

DON'T SHOUT!

The "Morley"

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—i... easily adjusted, and ... comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant ... lief from deafness and head ... noises. No case of deafness that cannot be benefited. ... for booklet on trial.

The Morley Company, Dept. T, 34 South 10th Street, Philadelphia

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 210 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo.

Rest-U

A Cushion for the Feet

Rest-U worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

WOODBURY'S

SOAP CREAM POWDER DENTALICE

FOR THE FACE

... rules ... of age are wrinkles which also mark the absence of Facial Care. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap constantly. The skin will respond and glory in the change. Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Licensees, Cincinnati.

OLD COINS

... Jewelry etc. For Sale! In Purchase Expo ... official gold ¼ dollar, 50c U. S. ½ cent, date 1809 to ... 5 Japan or Russian coins, 25c Premium coin list 10c setting lists free.

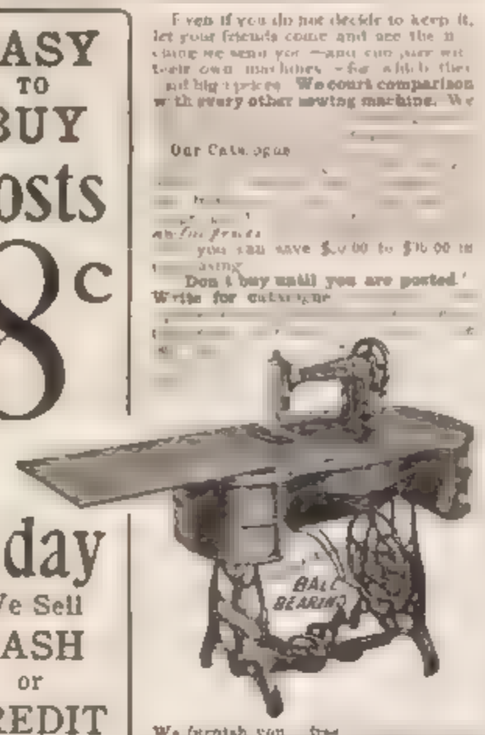
T. L. ELDER,
Dept. S, 77 E. 125 Street, New York City

Young's "Steinway" BALL-BEARING Sewing Machines

Let Us Send You One for Trial

EASY TO BUY Costs 8c a day

We Sell CASH or CREDIT



Even if you do not decide to keep it, let your friends come and see the machine we send you — and compare it with their own machines — for which they are paying big prices. We court comparison with every other sewing machine. We

Our Catalogue

you can save $5.00 to $10.00 on

Don't buy until you are posted. Write for catalogue

We furnish you free photographs of many machines, before we even ask you to take one

Awarded GOLD MEDAL World's Fair 1904

Catalogue B-1001 is the one you want

which includes made samples of ruffling, tucking, quilting, etc done by our attachments. Write for it, now

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL Swiss Milk-

CHOCOLATE

HIGH AS THE ALPS IN QUALITY

Beware of inferior substitutes, wrapped in obvious imitation of the well known PETER package. Insist on PETER'S, it is "irresistibly Delicious."

FREE SAMPLE and booklet telling of An Ascent of Mont Blanc

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers

Dept. 4, 78 Hudson St., New York

CANTON INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMP

Only gasoline lamp lit with one match

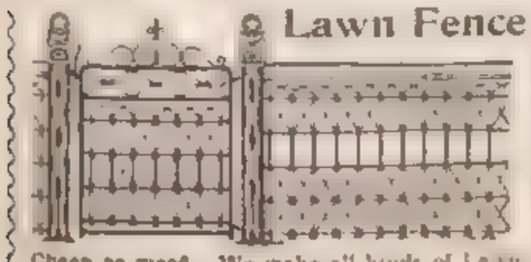
Whitest, clearest, most brilliant light for reading. COSTS LESS AS MUCH AS GAS. No smoke odor. Should be in every home

$9.75 AND UP

Artistic designs. Catalog free. Agents

CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.

BOX 602, CANTON, OHIO



Lawn Fence

Cheap as wood — We make all kinds of Lawn, Farm, Park and Cemetery Fence, also steel Ranges, and sell direct to consumer at manufacturers' prices. Catalogue Free.

ZEO TO-DATE MFG CO., No. 827 So. Tenth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Art at Heart's Desire

(Continued from Page 11)

plane of understanding. Tom Osby grew more confident and bold.

"Ma'am," said he, clearing his throat, "I want you to forgive me; but I reckon how, when you great people sing different things, you-all sort of dress up, different like, at different times, accordin' to the things you are singin' right then. Ain't that so?"

"We have many costumes," said she simply. "We play many parts. Sometimes we hardly know we are ourselves."

"And when you sung that Annie Laurie song did you have any coschume to go along with that?"

You mean——'

"Well now, ma'am, when we fellers was talkin' it over it always seemed to us, somehow, like the Annie Laurie coschume was right *white*." He blushed and hastened to apologize. "Not sayin' anything against that dress you've got on," he said. "I never saw one as fine as that in all my life. I never saw any woman, never in all my life, like you. I—I—ma'am"—he flushed, but went on with a Titanic simplicity—"I *worship* you, right where you stand, in that there dress; but—could you—

"You are an artist yourself!" cried she "Yes! Wait

In an instant she was gone from the room, leaving Tom Osby staring at the flickering fire, now brighter in the approaching shades of evening. In perhaps half an hour Alice Strowbridge reappeared. The rich black laces, and the ripe red rose, and the blazing jewels, all were gone. She was clad in simple white—and yes! a blue sash was there. The piled masses of her heavy, dark brown hair were replaced by two long, glossy braids. By the grace of the immortal gods all years of her wrongdoing were lifted from her that night. For once in many years she was sincere. Now she was a girl again, and back at the old home in Georgia. Those were the Smokies half hidden in the twilight; and yonder was the moon of the old days, swinging up again. There was the gallery at the window of the old Georgia home, and the gate, and the stairs, and the hedgerow, and the trailing vines, and the voices of birds—and Youth—Youth, the unspeakable glory of Youth—it was all hers once more! The souls of a thousand Georgia mocking birds—the soul of that heritage which came to her out of her environment—lay in her throat that hour

And so, not to an audience, but to an auditor—nay, perhaps, after all, to the audience of Heart's Desire, an audience of simple and sincere souls—she sang, although of visible audience there was but one man, who sat crumpled up, shaken, undone as no mortal fear had ever left him. To Tom Osby freighter of the Plains, there sang the pet the puzzle, the despair of two continents—and sang as she had rarely done before

She could not, being a woman, oblige any man by direct compliance; she could not deprive herself of her own little triumph. Or perhaps, deliberately, she sought to give this solitary listener that which it would have cost thousands of dollars for a wider public to hear. She sang first the leading arias of her more prominent operatic rôles. She sang the Page's song, which had been hers in her first appearance on a critical stage. And then presently there fell from her lips the sparkling measures of Coquette, indescribably light, indescribably brilliant in her rendition. Melody after melody, score after score, product of the greatest composers of the world, she gave to a listener who never definitely realized what privilege had been his. She slipped on and on, forgetting herself, reveling, dreaming; and it was proof at least of the Alice Strowbridge which might have been, that there came to her fingers and her throat that night no sound of cheap sensuous melody, no florid triviality from Vanityland. With a voice which had mastered the world, she sang the best of the masters of the world. So music, with all its wooing, its invitation, its challenge, its appeal, for a time filled and thrilled this strange auditorium, until forsooth later comers might, as was the story, indeed, have found jewels caught there in the chinks of the rude hewn walls

All at once the voice of the artist, the subsidiary voice of the piano broke, dropped and paused. And then, with no more interlude, that great instrument, a perfect human voice, in the throat of a perfect human woman, swept gently into the melody of the old song

Union Lock Poultry Fence

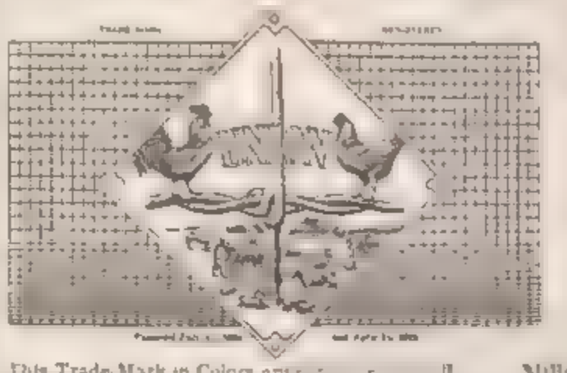
A FENCE—NOT A NETTING

Ever try to stretch a netting? The top and bottom edges draw together and the center bulges out.

The horizontal members of this fence are cables—vertical members single wires, immovably locked at each intersection—cannot possibly buckle or sag—may be stretched tightly, and conforms to the inequalities of the ground without cutting.

The trade-mark shows how the mesh is graduated in size from bottom to top.

Keeps in small chickens, and the rectangular mesh prevents them from hanging themselves. No top rail or bottom boards required; strong enough to be used for a field fence.



Heavily galvanized with prime Western Spelter, it outwears any fence we know

Costs no more, put up, than cheaper nettings or fences, and is much stronger

Sold by the rod only—in rolls of 10 or 20 rods—50 rods or more delivered F. O. B. nearest depot. Made in widths from 12 to 84 inches.

Write for Catalogue L. and "A Short Story for Poultry Raisers."

Union Fence Company

114 Liberty Street, New York City

This Trade-Mark in Colors appears on every roll. Mills at NEW HAVEN, CT., DEKALB, ILL., OAKLAND, CAL.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed

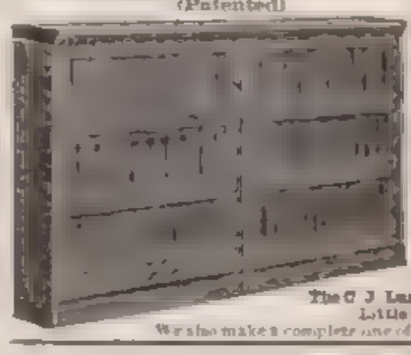
The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia

AT FACTORY PRICES

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

(Patented)



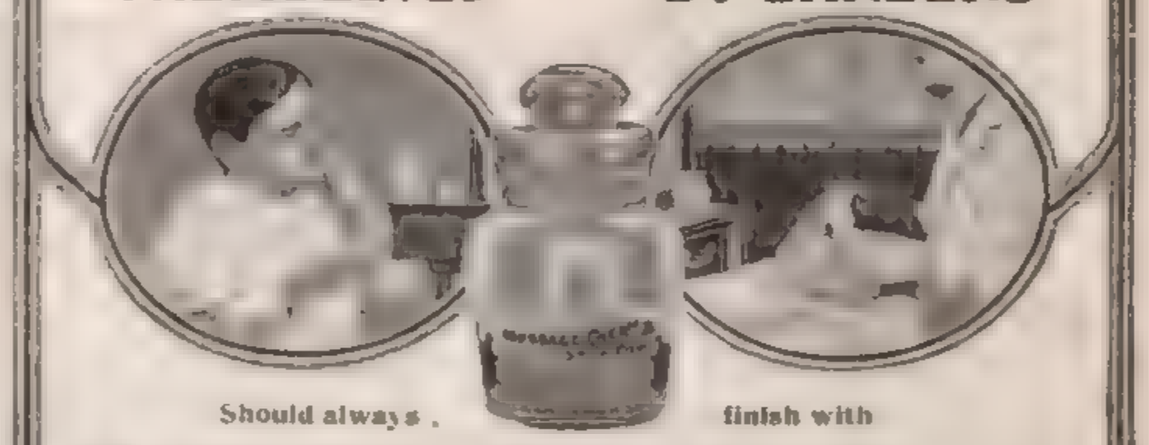
Higher in solid Golden Oak

Sent on approval

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co. Little Falls, N. Y.

We also make a complete line of Filing Cabinets

MEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES OR WHO ARE SHAVED BY BARBERS



Should always . . . finish with

Pompeian Massage Cream

It is soothing to the skin always—but especially after shaving

It removes every trace of soap that was rubbed into the pores; it allays all razor-irritation and leaves the skin comfortable. It prevents rash after a close shave, and makes it possible to shave every day without discomfort

So-called "blackheads" (*dirt in* the pores), dead cuticle, and other obstructions are instantly removed by its use, and a healthy ruddy well-groomed skin is the result. Contains no grease or oil and *takes away* the soap shine. Do not use powder after a Pompeian Massage. It will close the pores again and it is not needed—the cream takes away the shine

Practically every good DRUGGIST [illegible] Pompeian Massage Cream. BARBERS who apply it in the right way [illegible] and a well groomed appearance. Do not accept a massage with one of the greasy substitutes that some barbers use for larger profit. Ask to see the bottle and be sure it is Pompeian.

A Liberal Sample Sent Free

and one copy of our beautifully illustrated book on Facial Massage—a practical course which enables any man or woman to become expert in this most necessary of modern aids to cleanliness—if you will fill out the attached coupon or send the desired detail in a letter

We [illegible] buy of your dealer whenever [illegible] accept a substitute for P[illegible] If your dealer does not keep [illegible] in his name, and we will send a 50c [illegible] jar of the cream postpaid on receipt of price

Pompeian Mfg. Co.

91 Prospect St. Cleveland, O.

Gentlewomen: Enclosed find [illegible] large sizes of Pompeian Cream. Fill out the coupon.

CUT THIS CORNER OFF AND MAIL IT TO-DAY

Jan 14

Pompeian Mfg. Company 91 Prospect St. Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: In consideration of my having filled in blank below please send without cost to me one copy of your book on Facial Massage, and liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Dealer's name [illegible]

Barber's Address [illegible]

This dealer [illegible] keep Pompeian Massage Cream

VOSE
PIANOS

HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 54 YEARS

and are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined

WE
Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Catalogue, books, etc., giving full information mailed free

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
160 Boylston Street, Boston

Buttonless Suspenders

Bachelors' best friend.

No more sewing on of suspender buttons no worry, no bother Simply slip the little nickel clasps over the trousers' waistband, and [illegible] you are—held to [illegible] unbreakably, and in the most comfortable way

50c.

Write for booklet
Agents wanted

as well as fronts

The Buttonless Suspender Co.,
West St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

VIRGINIA FARMS

From 10 acres up and at prices ranging [illegible] want a farm [illegible] of yours a ch [illegible] of Virginia? It will [illegible] a comparatively small [illegible] play and our advantages [illegible] not be excelled anywher [illegible] We have long, delightful [illegible] ers, short, mild [illegible] advantages, [illegible] cheap labor, diversity of crops an [illegible] and productive land with improve [illegible] desirable low prices. For further infor [illegible] ed lists of farms for sale, [illegible] C. H. Lambert, Agric'l & Indust'l Agt., [illegible], Dept. B, Roanoke, Va

60,000 Sure Hatch Incubators

[illegible] $10

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO
Box 9113, Clay Center, Neb. Box 10713, Indianapolis, Ind.

University Preparatory School

Open all the year. High grade of College Preparatory work. Prepares for Cornell and all colleges. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. STILES, B. S. Principal ITHACA, N. Y.

of Annie Laurie. At the beginning of it there was a schoolgirl of Georgia and a freighter of the Plains; and at the end of it there was a woman with bowed head, and a man silent, crumpled down, whose head also was bowed

Signor Peruchini stole into the room [illegible] that evening in search of his gloves, which [illegible] had forgotten in his flight at an earlier hour. He peered into the door and heard no sound. The fire was now flickering low. The room had but a single tenant. He did not, at first, recognize the white-clad figure which he saw upon the long settee, with outflung arms and head bowed down — a drooping figure so different from that which he mentally associated with the prima donna, magnificent far-off, unresponsive, whom he fancied he had heard practicing every operatic score she ever knew at that place an hour ago. Signor Peruchini tiptoed into the room, and looked about for the fierce stranger from whom not long ago he had fled. He was not [illegible] to attempt peace with the divinity who [illegible] recently repelled him.

"Where iss he?" asked Signor Peruchini in a whisper as he approached. "And you, madame, vy is ziss?"

She raised to him a face wet with tears. "You!" she cried. "You little rat! Get out with you." And even as he fled Alice Strowbridge again dropped her head upon her outflung arms.

"Why was it?" she moaned. "Why couldn't there have been, in all my life, just one real, actual man?"

THE END

Mrs. Harrigan at the Shoe Store

By Charles Battell Loomis

(Mrs. Harrigan sits. Dugan's shoe store. She seats herself on [illegible] chair and Mr. Dugan himself comes to [illegible] on her.)

MRS HARRIGAN: Good marnin', Misther Dugan. I wonder have you anny noomber eight shoes that 'ud do to fit me. I wear nines by rights, but me b'y Jimmy is go'n' to git married an' me shoes is all holes because I go barefoot mosht of the time an' the puppy worrited the soles of 'em.

(Mr. Dugan brings a shoe and starts to try it on.)

Sure that puppy is inter everythin'! Lasht night I heerd a noise in the cr'anery an' I wint in an' found him shwimmin' in the crame. Ain't it lucky a puppy can shwim. On'y fer that he would have drownded an' we never would have found it out till the lasht quart of crame was sold. Sure, 'tis angry I was, for wid his shwimmin' he splashed out several quarts on the flure an' we had to add water to make it up—an' water so skerce on account of the dhry weather.

Ouch! That'll niver do. Is it a nine it is, afther all? Well, I'm no Cindherella. If that's nine w'ud betther thry elivin. You'd nivir think I had a fut so shmall I could put it in me mout'. That was yairs ago. Me man Mike says if I done it ivery day I could still do it, but I tell him a big mout' is a sign of jinnerosity, an' it's manny's the man who puts his fut in his mout' ivery time he opens it, no matter what size the fut is.

I wonder have you red poomps. I think Jimmy'd like it if I put me best fut foremost at the weddin', an' phwin I was a weeny thing I usht to wear red shlippers.

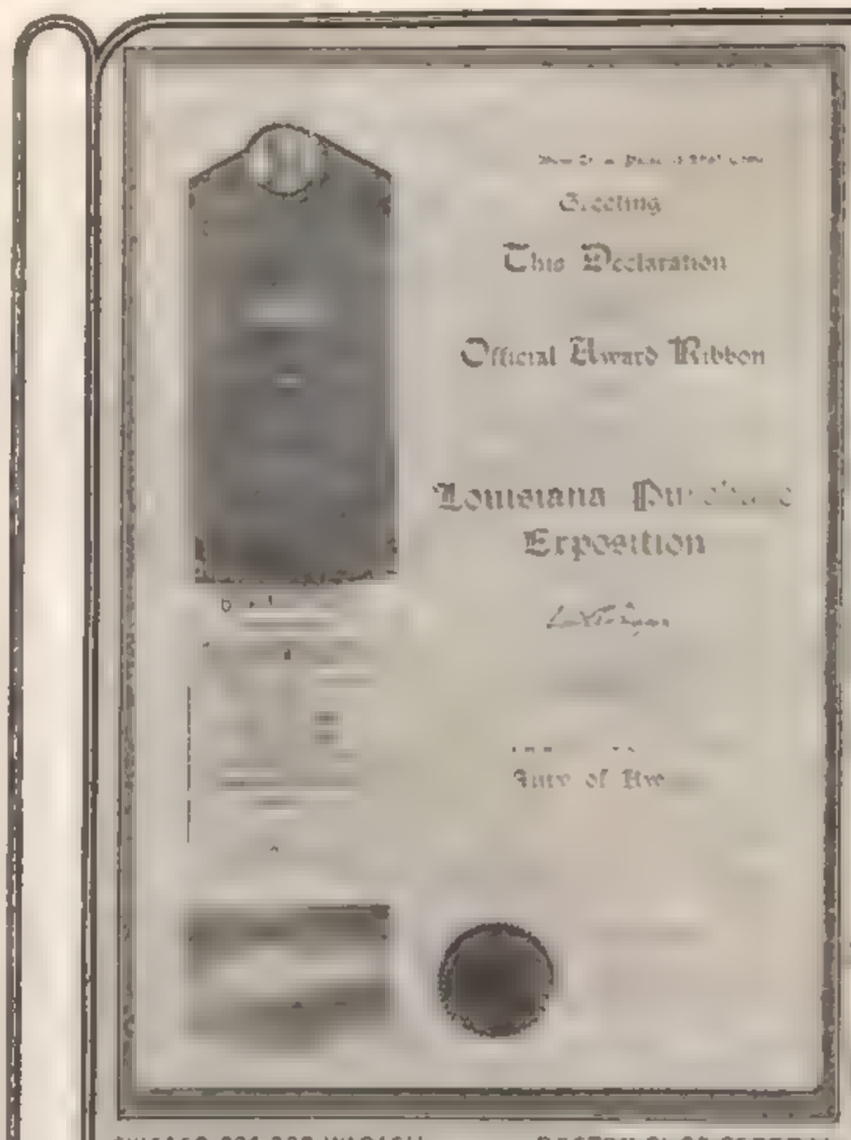
You don't make them in elivins? Well, that's quare! Red is such a beautiful color, the more of it the betther.

Who is Jimmy go'n' to marry? Sure he don't know himself yit. Haste makes waste. There's two gerruls is ready to say yis when he says the wurrud, an' wan o' them is pretty an' the other is sinsible.

I tell him the pretty wan'll lose her looks, but the sinsible wan'll nivet git senseless; but me man Mike says if *he'd* gone be ayther of those requirin's he'd be a widower yit. I was his secon' wife. Sure, Mike'll have his joke.

(Mr. Dugan tries on another shoe.)

That wan fits me heel ari right, but me toes ain't anny too fri'ndly wid the chilblains, an' I want room fer them to be distant like. I think if ve had a shoe like a fan it would suit me.



CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE

What Does JESUS SAY Concerning:

1. The Relation of Husband and Wife
2. The Relation of Parent and Child
3. The Relation of Master and Servant
4. The Relation of Christians to Commerce
5. The Relation of Christians to Amusements
6. The Relation of Christians to the State

THESE QUESTIONS are answered [illegible] containing the record of six [illegible] by CAMPBELL MORGAN, the foremost evangelical teacher [illegible] hour. It is mailed *free of charge and postpaid* to anybody who will send **25 cents** in coin or stamps, for ten weeks' trial subscription to **THE RAM'S HORN**, [illegible] well known independent [illegible] and the most widely quoted paper in the [illegible]. These issues of THE RAM'S HORN will contain

I. Articles from GHOSS ST. HOWIE the Syrian scholar, describing discoveries in Palestine *which wonderfully confirm the Bible*

II. MELVILLE A. SHAVER contributes five articles which will establish the halting faith of multitudes

1. "Why I Believe in God" 2. "Why I Believe in Christ" 3. "Why I Believe in the Church" 4. "Why I Believe in the Scriptures" 5. "Why I Believe in the Future Life"

III. CHARLES L. KLOSS, the well-known pastor of Central Congregational Church, of Philadelphia, has a strong article entitled

"Is The Church Facing an Apostasy or a Revival"

IV. THE RAM'S HORN has, also, just started a serial which, beyond doubt, is the *best story that has been written in ten years*

Our offer is to send THE RAM'S HORN **TEN WEEKS** — *a trial subscription* to anybody who will send *25 cents*, either in coin or stamps; also, to mail free, Dr. Morgan's invaluable little book entitled **"CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE."**

[illegible] and get the best [illegible]

THE RAM'S HORN CO., 114 LaSalle Ave., CHICAGO

ROBERT MCINTYRE, D. D., says: *"The Ram's Horn is a mighty moral force and an authentic blessing every week."*

CORSETS [illegible] $5 Made to Order
CUSTOM Secure individuality. Something new. Agents write to ST. CLAIR CO., Chicago.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Hdqr. Book, Mailed Free. Established 1869
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cailler's
GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

is most appreciated after you've tried the ordinary chocolates.

Among Swiss Milk Chocolates—long recognized as superior to all others—Cailler's stands without a rival for richness, smoothness, palatability and nutritive properties.

Cailler's Chocolate is made wholly of cocoa beans, pure sugar and unskimmed milk from the finest pasturage district in the world.

Cailler's Chocolate is pure, wholesome, delicious—a most acceptable substitute for the busy man's midday lunch; a delightful substitute for candy any time of day, delicious for dainty luncheons, dinners, etc.

FREE ON REQUEST

Address Dept. K
J. H. FREYMANN, 861 Broadway, N. Y.

They don't make 'em? No, no more they don't, but they sh'u'd. If me fut is like a fan, me shoe sh'u'd be like me fut

(Pats the floor with her stocking foot while Mr. Dugan climbs a ladder to get more stock.)

Wat'd be a good prisint to give Jimmy fer housekapin'? I saw an illigant mustache cup in Beatty & Hara's, an' on'y that Jimmy has no mustache it would be fine to kape it from gettin' in his tay. It had gilt letters, "From my Son," on it all spelled out handsome

What's that? Tut! tut! No more I ain't his son. Well, now, that was a quare turrn of me mind! Sure it wouldn't do even if he'd a mustache

(Mr. Dugan tries on another pair of shoes.)

I'm lookin' forwards to me noo darter-in-lar, whichever she is. The pretty wan'll be good fer sore eyes an' the sinsible wan'll do a good dale of the wurruk If I'd two sons I'd be glad to have both the gerruls, but Jimmy is me only child—sorra the day!—excep'n' fer Norah an' Kitty, an' they're too young to marry

Oi [illegible] niver do! An' that's the bigges' shoes ye have excep'n' nun's? Well, me Mike says I do be wearin' the pants, but I'll not wear the shoes. Haven't ye a pair of ar'tics that 'ud fit? Sure no wan looks at the feet of a woman of fifty!

(Mr. Dugan brings her a pair.)

Ah, that's nice an' warrum an' soft. It's little I care for style so long as I'm comfortable.

If I don't invite you again, I'll hope you'll come to the weddin' anyhow. Mike's cleanin' the barn flure to have it out there, an', fer the love of Hivin, I hope no wan drops t'roo to the pig pen bennyth There's a hole in the flure that Mike's been m'anin' to mend since Norah was six—an' she's nine now—but we don't r'ally need the flure, fer we kape the kerridge outside so's not to break the wheels in the hole; but I think he'll have it fixed phwin Jimmy gits married The house is too shmall fer the weddin', an' anyhow Father Moran says it's not in our house but the parish house he'll be married, widout it's the chur-rch, an' Jimmy's so bashful it won't be the chur-rch

(Mrs. Harrigan takes a few steps and then sits down.)

Say, Mr. Dugan, there's somethin' in me left ar'tic that pushes into me fut phwin I shtep on it. I think it's a shoe-button

(Takes off arctic.)

Well, now, w'u'd ye look at that! A box of blackenin' I wondher how it got in. It's lucky me fut is sinsitive or I'd have gone home wid it an' no use fer it on ar'tics widout I used it to blacken the shtove

Yes, ye may wrap up me other shoes, fer I'd like to have 'em when I am go'n' barefut an' the flure's wet from washin' it. There's some wear an' a lot of tear in them yit

What? Is it two dollars fer them? A dollar apiece? I wondher w'u'd you sell *wan* of them? Sure I on'y tharght to spind a dollar an' git Jimmy's prisint wid the other fifty cints. Make it a dollar fifty an' I'll wait till Jimmy's married before buyin' his prisint

(He does so.)

Oh, it's you desarves success! I'll tell the Hardens about you They always buy their shoes in New York an' it's no use thrillin' them, but wan good turrn desarves another

(She rises to leave the store.)

Good-by, an' be sure to come to the weddin'. I wondher which wan he'll choose!

Bricks Made of Sand

THE Israelites of old need not have worried about the item of straw as a material for brickmaking if they had only made acquaintance, accidentally or otherwise, with what is to-day the newest invention in this line of industry—namely, the so-called sand brick composed of sand and lime. Large importations of these bricks are now coming this country from Germany, and they possess such advantages in respect of cheapness and durability that they are sure before long to come into widespread use

The recipe for making them is simple enough. They are ninety-four per cent sand and six per cent. lime, and these ingredients, being thoroughly mixed together by a puddling process, are thereby combined into a semi fluid material, which is poured into moulds. After hardening and coming out of the moulds the bricks thus formed are exposed for four hours to live steam, which completes the process of manufacture.

The bricks are exceedingly hard, and so tough that it is scarcely possible to hammer them to pieces

Busy people need food that digests readily—slips quickly into blood and tissue, and puts no over-load on the stomach.

"FORCE" is the one right food for the active business man. The barley malt not only digests the wheat-part of "FORCE" but it also digests any other food you may happen to eat at the same meal.

Sunny Jim

"FORCE" comes from all the various and complex processes of milling, malting, cooking and flaking, a perfectly *natural* food

It contains pure gluten in just the proper proportion for your bodily needs, combined with phosphates for brain energy

Delicious, partly digested, ready to assimilate

INSURES GOOD DIGESTION

McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

A MOST DELIGHTFUL SEASONING

For Soups, Salads, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Lobsters, Chops, Roasts, Sauces, Gravies, etc.

Insist upon McIlhenny's Tabasco, the original and best.

In use nearly half a century FREE Write for interesting booklet of new and unique recipes.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.

NEED NO INTRODUCTION

Hartshorn Shade Rollers

are "at home" in every civilized community on the globe.

You will know it is genuine if the label bears the script signature of Stewart Hartshorn.

The "Improved" Hartshorn requires no tacks and does not tear the shades.

WOOD ROLLERS
TIN ROLLERS

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for men and furnish Railroad Passes to Destination. [illegible] 60-page book Free

Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab. 38 yrs. Janesville, Wis.

DOCTOR: If you want practical post graduate work during season in the city, write for [illegible]

New Orleans Polyclinic, P. O. Box 797

Why Rent YOUR MONEY

at four or five per cent. per annum when you can obtain its full earning value by investing in the

SOUTHERN MUTUAL INVESTMENT COMPANY

of Lexington, Ky.? As little as 50c. a month may be invested or any larger amount. The Southern Mutual has

SEVEN PROFIT-EARNING SOURCES

in which you participate. The Company is under the supervision of over thirty of the United States. $100,000 deposited with treasurer of Kentucky. Over $2,900,000 paid investors and held for their benefit. We can use agents.

Address Bond Dept. 14, S. M. I. Co. Block, Lexington, Ky.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50

There is good money breeding them; a flock [illegible] for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs"

Plymouth Rock Squab Company
288 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass

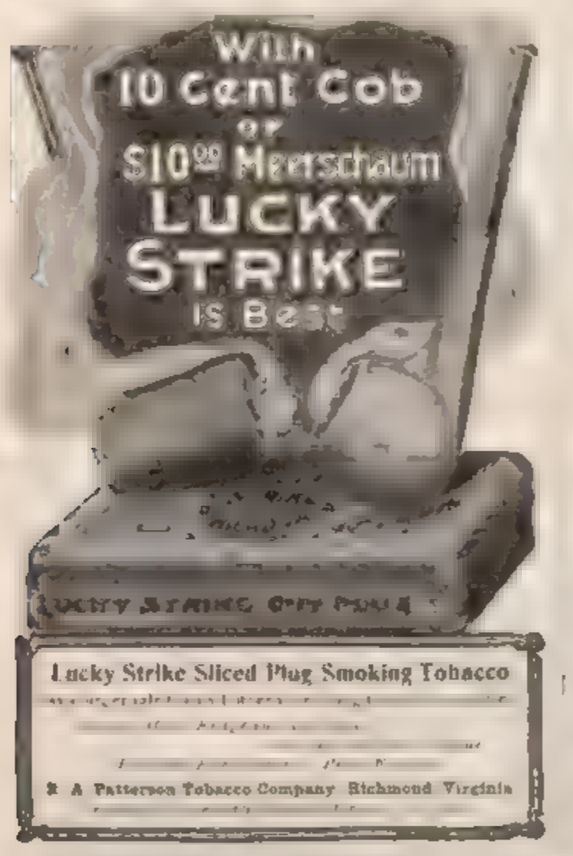
Safe Money

Safety is the first thing to think of; profit next. Money in the bank is either safe or unsafe—no middle ground. Our "Booklet A" tells why local conditions enable THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY to pay 4 per cent. interest on savings-deposits as safely as other banks pay 3.

Be Sure of Your Bank

40,000 depositors.
$23,000,000 assets.
Dollar deposits welcome.

CLEVELAND OHIO



The only GRAND PRIZE for Vegetables at ST. LOUIS was won by products of

Burpee's Seeds

If you garden you want THE BEST

and we shall be pleased to mail you

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1905

an elegant *new book of 178 pages*, which tells the plain truth, with hundreds of illustrations, beautiful colored plates and describes *Superb Novelties* of unusual merit. *Write to-day!* A postal card will do, while it is sufficient to address simply

Burpee, Philadelphia

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
The World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade

SAFE SIDE

Don't invite failure by buying untried machines. For many years

Successful

Incubators and Brooders

have been the standard. Best results with least care. Send for free Incubator Catalogue. Poultry book four cents. Poultry paper one year ten cents.

Des Moines Incubator Co., Dept. 548, Des Moines, Ia.

A YELLOW JOURNALIST

(Continued from Page 3)

With a finger to my lips I slipped a dollar into the girl's hand and stepped into a big alcove at the end where the halls branched, in which, in the days of the Chipchases' splendor, there must have stood a great marble statue.

"Who is it?" Pollexfen cried. He had heard the noise. What are you doing in this part of the house?"

The girl went forward and made some reply. I couldn't hear it. Pressed close I was mighty glad I'm little—with my head bent forward, I was posing as a yellow reporter frozen into a living statue of Suspense.

"Well, get your work done in a hurry and get downstairs," Pollexfen growled and stumped slowly past me down the stairs.

You're a treasure," I whispered to the girl as the door slammed behind him. "Here's another," and I opened my purse.

No, keep it, an' this wan, too," she said, trying to push the coin back into my hand, her own was trembling. "I won't bring ye to Miss Chipchase—I'm afraid."

But Miss Stempel—

"Let her tell me so herself!

"Oh, if you don't believe me——" I began haughtily.

"Well—why then did ye hide from him? No, I'm afraid!

She turned from me and hurried down the hall. Oh, to have success so near!

"Listen," I said, catching up to her; "you've got to show me which is Miss Chipchase's room. If you don't I'll walk straight down those stairs and tell Mr. Pollexfen you let me in."

"Aw—ye deceitful little divil wid your baby face!" she wailed aghast.

I wanted to laugh—or to cry; anything except to stand still and feel the chances of discovery thicken about me.

"Nah—you're afraid of him yourself," she said at last, taking hope at the memory of my scare.

"Not a bit of it—not a single bit of it," I whispered positively. "I'll go down to him after I've seen Miss Chipchase if you like and tell him you're not."

"The saints forbid!"

"Oh, come on—do, please!" I coaxed.

And suddenly she yielded. Catching me by the wrist, she almost ran with me up the corridor, and pointing to a door at the end of a narrow hall she turned and fled.

For a second I was afraid to try that door. Such jubilation was in me that if it should happen to be locked I knew nothing more to do but weep.

A swish of skirts in the corridor below decided the thing for me. I just had to go in. I turned the knob and stepped right into the bedroom where Mary Chipchase lay. I knew her immediately—she was so like a glorified edition de luxe of little Dorothea.

She started up so suddenly at sight of me that she fell back with a cry of pain. But before I had reached the bed she put out a feverish hand and drew me to her.

"I know—I know; you're the round-eyed little girl-reporter Dorothea told me about! For mercy's sake, how did you get here? No—no, don't speak; there isn't time. Listen—it's a lie! I didn't run away with any man. It's a lie—what mother (my stepmother) told you this morning. Wells Pollexfen's denials are lies—lies! It's all lies—our whole life for years past, but we lied for her—for mother. She has been a mother to us, that poor, tortured woman, but . . . . If I tell you, promise—swear that you'll shield her; that no one will know that part of it. You're a girl like myself; surely you wouldn't hurt us——"

"Oh, surely! Trust me," I gasped.

"You won't tell, I know you won't. She—she drinks, poor mother, and when Wells Pollexfen wants her to do anything he serves wine for her—as he did at lunch to-day (Dorothea told me), though he'd be kinder to give her poison. And that's why he kept you here to lunch, knowing that in a stranger's presence poor little Dolly wouldn't dare to protest and could only implore mother with her eyes and try to touch her foot under the table. Oh! But it's all at an end now. I did fly from the house when he—he wanted to marry me. There! Did you ever hear anything madder than that!"

She broke down, hysterically laughing and crying.

"But he didn't—he couldn't strike you?"

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP
When Williams' Soap he uses
His face is full of bliss,
But when he tries the other kinds
He always looks like this

A Not Uncommon Experience

"I have always used Williams' Shaving Soap, with the greatest satisfaction. Its thick, creamy, cooling lather has made shaving a pleasure.

"Recently I was persuaded to try another soap, which the dealer assured me was 'just as good as Williams', and a little cheaper.' I simply could not use it! The lather dried very quickly, my face itched and smarted, and it was torture to shave.

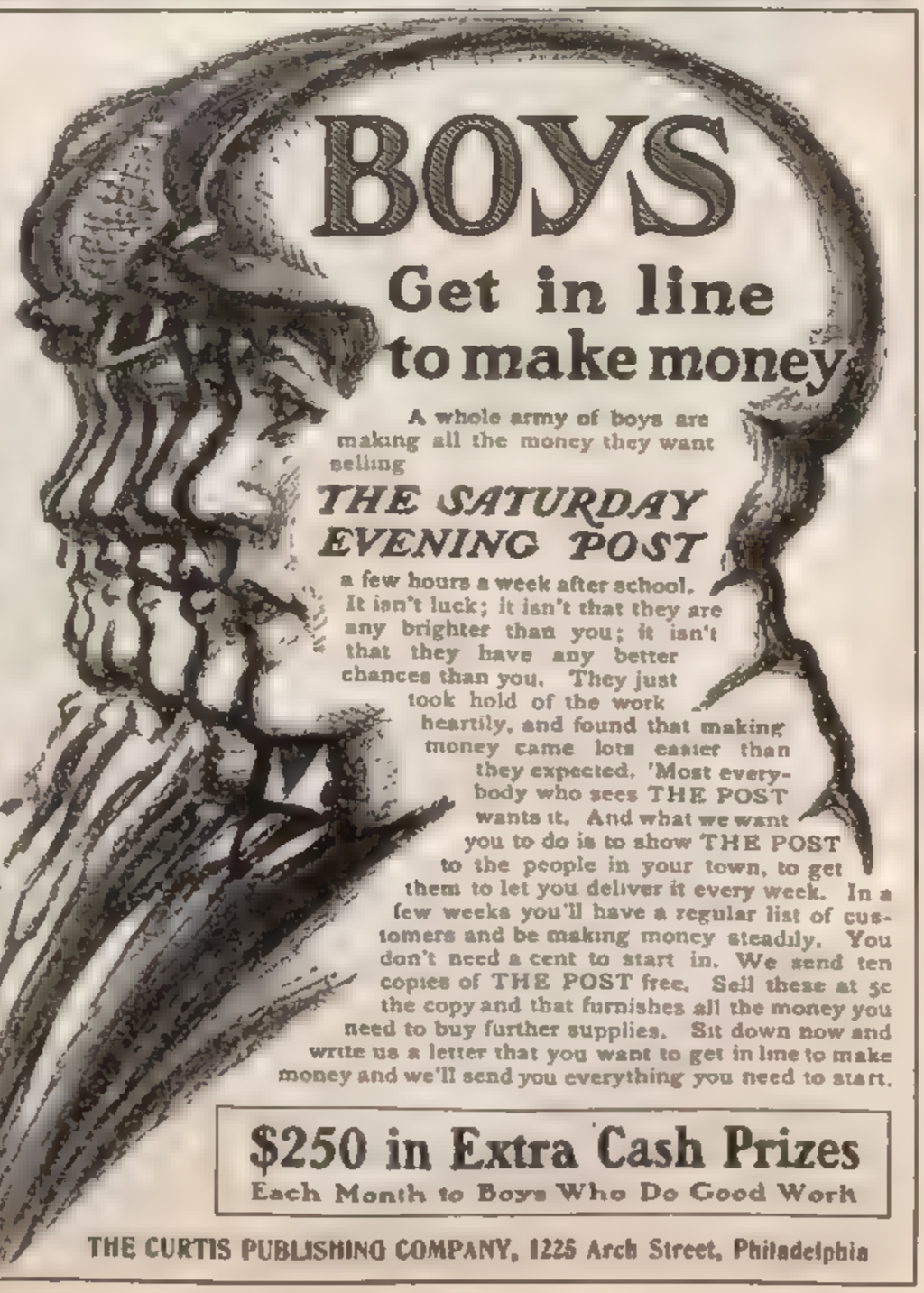
"It will be a cold day when I am again induced to accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap."

"The only kind that won't smart and dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, etc., sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) sent for 4c in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.



BOYS

Get in line to make money

A whole army of boys are making all the money they want selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

a few hours a week after school. It isn't luck; it isn't that they are any brighter than you; it isn't that they have any better chances than you. They just took hold of the work heartily, and found that making money came lots easier than they expected. 'Most everybody who sees THE POST wants it. And what we want you to do is to show THE POST to the people in your town, to get them to let you deliver it every week. In a few weeks you'll have a regular list of customers and be making money steadily. You don't need a cent to start in. We send ten copies of THE POST free. Sell these at 5c the copy and that furnishes all the money you need to buy further supplies. Sit down now and write us a letter that you want to get in line to make money and we'll send you everything you need to start.

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

Each Month to Boys Who Do Good Work

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1225 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Which Pencil?

nobody doubts the quality of Dixon's Pencils—the question is, which pencil to use

Dixon's Pencil Guide, a 32 page book, **indexed by vocations,** correctly indicates the right pencil for your use. Sent *free.*

Department X,
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Jersey City, N. J.

JAMAICA
To the Fairest Island in the Golden Caribbean via United Fruit Co.'s Steamship Lines
A delightful four day sea trip, is afforded by the steel twin-screw U. S. Mail Ships Admirals Dewey, Schley, Sampson, Farragut.
Weekly sailings from Boston and Philadelphia. New American built S.S. Buckman and Watson, weekly from Baltimore.
ROUND TRIP $75 with meals and stateroom. Address for information and Jamaica Booklets.
Passenger Department United Fruit Co.
Boston Philadelphia Baltimore

A Dollar Bill

Mailed at our risk will bring you twelve months of

SUBURBAN COUNTRY LIFE

The Only Ten Cent Country Life Magazine in America

It breathes of the soil from cover to cover. Full of practical and suggestive material for the great mass of country life lovers. Printed on heavy coated paper, with over fifty beautiful half-tone illustrations in each number.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCE!

If after three months you are not perfectly satisfied with the magazine—write us and we will return your dollar and give you the three months FREE.

Isn't This a Fair Offer?

THE COLONIAL PRESS, Inc.
16 State Street, Boston, Mass.

DRAW FOR MONEY

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN LARGE SALARIES. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating"; tells how we teach illustrating by mail.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

I knew now that part of it was wrong; no one could strike Mary Chipchase.

"Strike—strike me! Oh—no, no! He raised his cane at mother; he often threatens her when—when she's not herself. It was in the little wood just before you get to the station. He had overtaken me in his cart and brought her along to persuade me to come back. But the brandy he had given her maddened her this time and she cried to me to go—to go with her blessing. Then I thought he was going to strike her and I sprang forward. But my foot slipped on the wet grass and I sprained my ankle. . . . It was all I could do to bear the jolting of the cart that brought me back home, but I drove mother back and he—Pollexfen—followed on foot. I made up my mind then and told him it was the end. Then he gave out this dastardly lie about my running away with some man; he thought it would ruin my reputation, and then I might see the wisdom of becoming Mrs. Pollexfen. Oh, fancy! And he'll say I'm mad when you publish this, but the publication of it will end . . . What are you writing?"

"Just a line for you to sign if you will."

I passed her a bit of copy-paper and my pencil. She took it, and all at once, without a sound, the door opened.

In some previous incarnation I'm afraid a certain girl I know must have been something yellower than a newspaper woman. For it was instinct, not reason, that sent me slipping noiselessly to the floor on the wall side of the bed.

"Mary—my pretty, pretty Mary, you are better, darling?"

It was Mrs. Chipchase. I couldn't see her face, but I knew what the stammer in her voice meant and the uncertain thud with which she dropped on her knees on the other side of the bed.

In misery the poor soul abased herself; flagellated her weakness and the vice that had brought her dead husband's daughter to this; begged piteously for forgiveness, yet would not be forgiven, but lay sobbing, till in sheer exhaustion she dropped asleep on her knees there, her poor, proud gray head pillowed on the girl's knees.

With her body held motionless by the tender weight she would not displace, the girl turned her head toward me. I got up.

"You must hurry," she whispered, holding out the slip of paper to me. "He'll miss her soon. I couldn't sign it, you see; she broke the pencil."

"I—I'd give a lot for your signature," I stammered.

"If Dorothea were here—wait, leave it with me. If I can sign it she may get it to you—but go now, quick!"

"Might it hurt you, the publication of this story? I'm afraid, if he were desperate——"

She smiled bitterly.

"You don't know him. He's a coward underneath it all. Once exposed he'll run and hide, and we'll go away, Dolly and I with mother. Remember your promise about her. Quick, I hear his stick!"

She pointed to a door at the other end of the room, and I flew out. Flew? Oh, yes, I had wings, wings of triumph that bore me so swiftly through the corridors and down the stairs that I bumped into Miss Stempel coming up. She cried out, "Dorothea—you——" And by the time she'd caught her breath I was out.

Out! And with my story, my dear story, *the* story, the Pollexfen story! It was written (hours it took me—I was so excited) and filed with the telegraph operator, and I'd got a message from the News:

> Bully for you. Congratulations from the office.
>
> (Signed) McCABE,

when train-time came.

I've got it yet—that telegram. It's like wedding-cake or a baby's shoe—it's so precious.

And then to complete it all, as I was stepping into the car an envelope was put into my hand. It was Mary Chipchase's authorization of the interview.

I wired that down, too, at the first stop, but kept the original. We'd need that, the office and I. And while the porter was making up my berth I lay back in somebody else's seat, too exhausted even to be happy, when Thompson came in from the smoker.

"Tired out, eh?" he said kindly. "Poor little girl—next time you'll take a more experienced fool's advice. Better go to bed. See you in the morning."

I nodded. I couldn't speak without slopping over and telling him it all. I was cold and hungry and too excited to eat or sleep. But—oh, to beat Ted Thompson!

A KALAMAZOO DIRECT TO YOU

We will ship—freight prepaid—direct from our factory to any reader of this publication, any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a

360 Days Approval Test

We guarantee to save you from 20% to 40% in price, and to give you a strictly high grade article, not excelled by any other make, no matter what its price. If you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, you get your money back without question and we pay the freight **both ways.** We need not remind you that this advertisement could not appear in this publication if we were not thoroughly responsible and if we did not fulfill every promise we make.

Factory Prices

We will sell you a Kalamazoo Stove or Range for less money (and we pay the freight) than your local dealer pays for a stove or a range not nearly as good. We can do this because we are the only manufacturers of stoves and ranges in the world who sell their entire output direct from their factory to the user, eliminating all jobbers,' dealers' and middlemen's profits, together with all traveling men's expense. We are actual manufacturers; we have one of the largest and best equipped stove foundries in the world; we guarantee (under a $20,000 bank bond) the material, workmanship, style and finish of our product. We know we can save you money; we believe we can satisfy the most exacting; if we can't you get your money back without quibble.

Send Postal for Free Catalog No. 152

describing our full line of **Ranges, Cook-Stoves, Base-Burners and Heaters;** for all kinds of fuel and all domestic purposes. They are built for long service and with special reference to saving fuel. We refer to any commercial agency or any bank or business house in Kalamazoo.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.,
Manufacturers,
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our patented oven thermometer. It saves fuel and makes baking and roasting easy. All our stoves and ranges are blacked, polished and ready for immediate use and any man can set them up without any trouble.

We Pay the Freight.

Did you ever see 5 straight or circular rows of Pansies side by side, each a different color? If so, you know that the effect is charming. Did you ever see Childs' Giant Pansies, marvels in beauty and true to color? If not, you have not seen the best.

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cents mail 5 Pkts. Giant Pansies, Snow White, Coal Black, Cardinal Red, Pure Yellow, Azure Blue; also Five Pkts. New Giant Sweet Peas for 10 cents, White, Pink, Scarlet, Blue, Yellow; also Five Pkts. new early flowering Carnation Pinks for 10 Cents, Scarlet, White, Pink, Red and Striped—

OR ALL 15 PKTS. FOR 25 CENTS

Our Catalogue for 1905—Greatest Book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. 148 pages, 500 illustrations, many plates—will be mailed **Free.** Scores of Great Novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

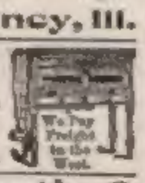
The Wooden Hen

$12.80

and 200 eggs will start you in a pleasing and profitable business raising poultry. Hundreds of men and women make good money raising chicks for early market. Why not you? Write for free catalogue.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

PETALUMA INCUBATORS



and Brooders are the oldest and most reliable machines on the market to-day. Devices purely automatic and sure. Catalogue FREE.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.
Box 81, Petaluma, Cal. Box 81, Indianapolis, Ind.

Automatic

incubators by a practical man. Simple and easy to operate.

THE IDEAL

hatches in a way that makes poultry pay. **30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.** Results guaranteed. Send for free book on Incubators, Brooders, Poultry and Supplies.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 84, Freeport, Ill.

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a **Magic Lantern, Stereopticon** or **Moving Picture Outfit.** Catalogue free.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Most Beautiful

FLOWERS

fully described and beautifully illustrated are to be found in the Maule Seed Book for 1905. It cost over $20,000 to mail the first edition (each copy takes a 5-cent stamp), and no matter how small your garden you need it. Everything worth growing (either **plants, bulbs** or **seeds**) will be found listed in this great book, which will be mailed together with four packets of the largest Sweet Peas to anyone sending five 2-cent stamps. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE,
1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You Can Hatch
chicks at home and earn big profits.

CYPHERS INCUBATORS

make results certain. Automatic in all essentials. "The World's Standard Hatcher," endorsed by 41 Government Experiment Stations and used by most successful poultrymen. Fully guaranteed. Complete catalog and poultry guide, 212 pages (8 x 11), 500 illustrations, free if you mention this magazine. Address

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.
Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

WOULD YOU LIKE ONE OF THESE BOOKS?

Do you know two friends whom you could induce to subscribe for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Just two who will subscribe at the special price of $1.25 each? If so, we will be glad to send you, shipping expenses prepaid, any one of these books:

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Gordon Keith
Colonel Carter's Christmas
Lady Rose's Daughter
Audrey

Remember: just two new subscriptions sent, together with $2.50, and any one of these books which you may select is yours.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia

Let this Machine do your Washing Free

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.
These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and nicility. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washerwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 368 North Henry St., Binghamton, New York.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 8)

me here! Have you not a spark of human feeling left in you? Is it not bad enough, is it not terrible, hideous, that you should be in this house at all?" She caught him by the arm, pushing him like a frenzied creature. "Go!"

"Are you mad?" he furiously exclaimed.

Upon the very words he stopped abruptly and stared at her. A horrible suspicion of their truth flashed upon him. Could it be possible, could Fate dare to play so horrible a trick on him? Was the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine actually going out of her mind? He felt his hair rise. A dampness gathered cold on his forehead.

She stood, with outflung arm, motionless, save for her rapid breathing.

"If you're really ill," he faltered now, seeking for his handkerchief and mopping his face with flurried hand. The tail of his apprehensive eye upon her, he was, in his mind, rapidly concocting that telegram to the family physician in London which should be dispatched at the earliest possible moment, and bring him—and also a mental specialist—to the manor house by the first possible train. "Most urgent, serious anxiety." The Lieutenant-Governor muttered the words to himself.

He belonged to that type of fond family man who, at the first hint of a possibly insane member in the home circle, has no other idea than the immediate shutting up and putting away of the dangerous dear one.

Dimly, through the storm and stress in which her soul was struggling, there came to Rosamond some perception of the pathetic figure presented by Sir Arthur in his sudden trouble. The well-worn cloak of self-complacency was rudely torn from him. His was the flurry of the man on the wrong side of life who has neither the elasticity of youth nor the true dignity of age to help him meet an unexpected blow. Her hand dropped by her side. He had been kind to her, after his own fashion; generous, too, and trusting. She sank back against the bed with a little moan.

"I am to blame, all through, from the beginning," she said hopelessly. "I have sinned against myself, against you, against him," she faltered, and laid her left hand on the old carven bedpost to steady herself. Her head dropped sideways against her shoulder. "If I could set you free," she murmured.

Sir Arthur turned sharply upon her, one suspicion chased by another. This was coherent enough. There was meaning in this—too much. A purple flush mounted to his face; the veins in his forehead swelled.

"I was content to go on," pursued the woman in the same vague tones of plaint. "Remember, it was you who insisted. Before you curse me, always remember that. I wanted to dream my life away—why, else, should I ever have listened to you? But you would not let me dream. You thrust my fate upon me—you and that man. What chance had I of escape between you both? you and that man?"

From purple, Sir Arthur's face grew ashen gray. That smiling, genial, handsome face became a positive mask—lips drawn back from the teeth, pupils narrowed to vindictive pin-points of fury. He drew near to her in silence, his head thrust forward, his twitching hands clutching the lapels of his coat on either side.

You and that man—that man, Bethune!

Through the buzzing in his ears there came once again the echo of Lady Aspasia's laugh, her meaning words: "So *you* were the excuse." And again the gibe: "Aspasia is tired of playing chaperon."

Mad? Would indeed it had been madness. This was a confession. His wife, Lady Gerardine, the consort of the Lieutenant-Governor, had had a low intrigue with an obscure Indian officer, a fellow of no standing, of no importance—Bethune! As Sir Arthur drew near her, silent through the very inadequacy of language, his eye fell upon the pale hand clasping the bedpost. There, upon the third finger, flashed the tiny gems of an unknown ring—a miserable, paltry thing. (Sir Arthur was a man of detail, even at such a moment.) It was the last straw. He gripped her by the wrist, brutally.

"Whose ring is that?" he sputtered.

The physical pain of his clutch did her good—roused her, with a sense of relief, to face his onslaught.

She was glad that he should be angry, that his countenance should be distorted and ugly. In such a mood as this she could meet him and feel strong. It was the broken-down, trembling, aged Sir Arthur she could not meet.

"Whose ring?" he repeated, and shook her as he held her.

She straightened herself, and with her free hand swept a gesture of pride toward the portrait on the wall. Far away was she, in the depth of her grand passion, from the sordid speculations of his mind.

"What!" he shouted, dropped her hand, and ran to the dressing-table, flinging a candle on high to stare. "Why—why!" he stammered, putting down the light. "Pooh, what nonsense is this? You can't put me off like this now. That—why, that's poor English!"

"And I," she cried, walking up to him, "I am Mrs. English. Oh, that was the mistake. You thought I was Lady Gerardine. I never was. You took a dream woman and thought she was your wife. I never was your wife. I am his—his only. Now you understand, do you not?"

Poor Sir Arthur. In proportion as her exaltation mounted his heat of anger fell away. His bewilderment grew, and his perturbation. For a moment or two he tried to cling to his conviction of her guilt. We are always anxious to vindicate ourselves when we are moved to great wrath; and the more unjust we have been the more loth are we to give up our suspicions. But with these eyes of flame upon him, with these accents of passion in his ears, even Sir Arthur could not maintain his damning judgment. The first hypothesis, that of insanity, came back to him in full force. Then arose a mitigated suggestion. A man of desultory reading, he had a smattering of many subjects. He had heard of that form of mental trouble called auto-suggestion—*idée fixe*. He looked around the room.

By George, there was another portrait of poor English! And, as he lived, a photograph of him on the chimneypiece. He had passed one on the stairs. And now he remembered the daub in the hall. He drew a long breath. This little damp hole of a place, with the fellow's head staring down at one from every corner—yes, that was it—it had been too much for her in her nervous state of health. The next words she spoke brought confirmation:

"Do not think I blame you! I know—I know. It is my own cowardice, my own baseness of soul that has brought it all upon me. And now it is too late. His papers, his letters, too late they came to me. I am lost—lost!"

She put her hands to her forehead, and reeled. He caught her in his arms.

Those dashed papers! How obstinate she had been about them! He had known it would be too much for her; he had even been ready, he declared, to take the burden upon himself.

"There, there, Rosamond!" She faintly struggled against his supporting embrace, every inch of her flesh shuddering from his touch. Oh, that voice from the past: "*There are things a man cannot contemplate in his living body; things the flesh rebels against. The dead will be quiet.*" The dead . . . but he was not dead. Perhaps now he was looking on them. The horror of the thought paralyzed her, as the snake paralyzes the bird. Yet, if she had had a knife in her hand she might, in that madness of nausea, have struck it into the breast against which she was clasped.

"Sir James was certainly right," thought Sir Arthur, tightening his grip upon her waist with one hand, while he patted her shrinking shoulder with the other. "What Rosamond wants, poor girl, is soothing—just a little soothing, that's all."

She wrenched herself free suddenly, with unexpected strength. Sir Arthur staggered. Then she turned upon him a countenance of such livid, vindictive menace and at the same time such torture that, speechless, he recoiled before her.

At the door he muttered something about sending up Aspasia; but it was closed upon him and locked before the words were formulated. He listened a while. From within came, at first, a faint swish as of her moving draperies, and then a heavy silence.

"She looked at me," said the unhappy husband to himself—"upon my soul, I declare that she looked at me as if she could murder me."

He shook his head, and began once more to concoct his telegram as he slowly walked downstairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gillette
Safety Razor
24 RAZORS
IN ONE
300 Velvet Shaves
WITHOUT STROPPING

Ask your dealer or send for an interesting booklet giving our thirty-day free trial offer. Awarded Gold Medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

The Gillette Sales Co.
1606 Manhattan Building, - CHICAGO.
References: Continental National Bank, Chicago. Dun's and Bradstreet's.

Carter's
PHOTOLIBRARY PASTE

is equally good for office, home or photographic use. It is pure white, a strong, quick sticker, and easy to keep sweet and soft, especially in the Water-Well Jars. It

STICKS EVERYTHING BUT THE BUYER.

DIAMONDS BY THE MARSHALL METHOD

THE advantage of the clever Double Setting shown is apparent in a moment, as will be the advantages in another moment of the "Marshall Method" of selling diamonds.

This month a Splendid Lot at $75.00

$15.00 in cash and 8 monthly payments of $7.50 or $69.00 for all cash in 10 days.

You choose style of 14-Karat Gold Setting from catalog, and we send by express, without Expense to you, for examination and comparison with diamonds you know at home. If not satisfactory, return, also at our expense; if kept, pay as above. Nothing fairer—fair dealing is half our capital.

EVERY DIAMOND in this lot guaranteed pure crystal blue-white, without flaw and perfectly cut.

Watches, Fobs, Lockets, Brooches and all high grade Jewelry, Silver and Cut Glass, also by the "Marshall Method." If you later buy a larger stone we allow full price for previous purchase, and allow all any more is worth in exchange.

FREE Our new book, "HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND." It tells things every diamond owner ought to know and shows all the new mountings.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc., 101 State Street, CHICAGO
W. S. HYDE, Jr., Pres. A. S. TRUE, Sec.

MAKE BROOMS
AT HOME WITH THE
BOSS BROOM MACHINE

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
MAN OR WOMAN can make 50 brooms a day. A 50c. broom can be made for 12c. Write for particulars and prices; be the first to get one of our machines in your town.
REED MFG. CO., Box 102, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

If You Want Cash

FOR YOUR

Farm, Home or Business

I Can Get It

No matter where your property is located or what it is worth

IF I DID not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad." (like all of my other "ads.") is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell the properties and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of the "ad." and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day.

Why not put your property among the number that will be "listed" and sold as a result of this "ad."?

I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment in the world. I have branch offices throughout the country and a field force of 2500 men to find buyers.

I MUST SELL real estate and lots of it, or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I expect to sell twice as many properties during 1905 as I did during 1904, but it will first be necessary for me to "list" more properties. I want to "list" YOURS and SELL it. It doesn't matter whether you have a farm, a home without any land, or a business; it doesn't matter what it is worth or where it is located. If you will fill out the blank letter of inquiry below and mail it to me to-day, I will tell you how and why I can convert your property into cash, and will give you my complete plan (free) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. You had better write to-day before you forget it.

If you want to buy any kind of a Farm, Home, or Business, in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and satisfactorily.

W. M. OSTRANDER

Suite 384 North American Building
Philadelphia

If You Want to SELL, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....1905

W. M. OSTRANDER, 384 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of.....

.....

in the town or city of.....

County of.....*and State of*.....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If You Want to BUY, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....1905

W. M. OSTRANDER, 384 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property.....

Size.....*State*.....

City or County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

The Food Value of a Soda Cracker

You have heard that some foods furnish fat, other foods make muscle, and still others are tissue building and heat forming.

You know that most foods have one or more of these elements, but do you know that no food contains them all in such properly balanced proportions as a good soda cracker?

The United States Government report shows that soda crackers contain less water, are richer in the muscle and fat elements, and have a much higher per cent of the tissue building and heat forming properties than any article of food made from flour.

That is why **Uneeda Biscuit** should form an important part of every meal. They represent the superlative of the soda cracker, all their goodness and nourishment being brought from the oven to you in a package that is proof against air, moisture and dust—the price being too small to mention.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY